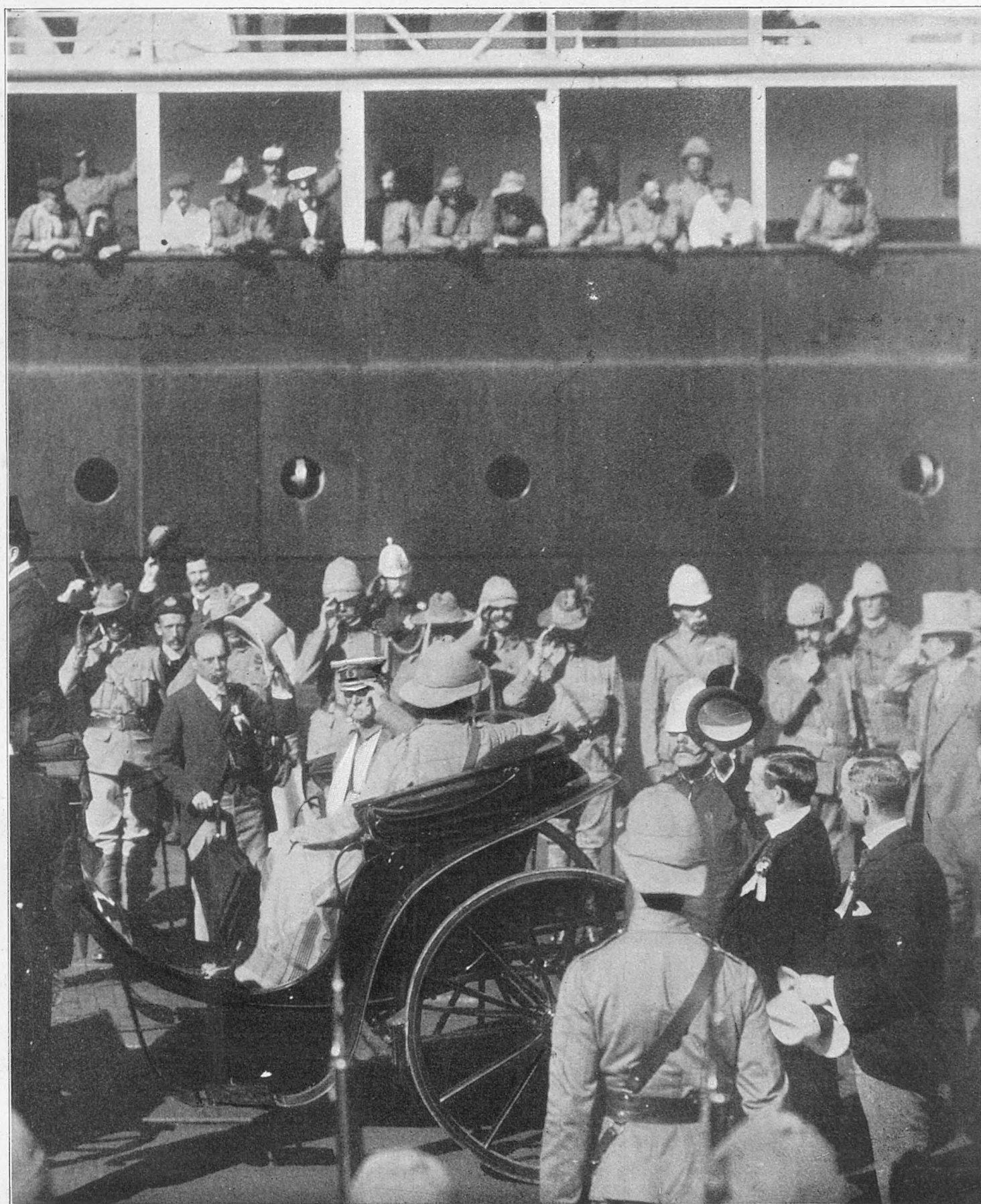




No. 414.—Vol. XXXII.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



ARRIVAL OF LORD ROBERTS AT CAPE TOWN, EN ROUTE FOR ENGLAND.

"WE ALL LOVE 'BOBS'": OUR HEARTIEST WELCOME-HOME TO HIM!

The Commander-in-Chief specially detained the carriage whilst Messrs. Peters and Travers took the above Photograph for "The Sketch." Other Photographs of Lord Roberts' disembarkation from the Dominion Liner "Canada" are given, with several Portraits of "Bobs," in this Number of "The Sketch."

THE CLUBMAN.

A Welcome to "Bobs"—The New Century—What will it Bring Us?

A WELCOME guest comes to us on the second day of the New Year, and to-morrow we receive back the great soldier who, in the dark days when our arms had been rudely shocked, went out to South Africa, bearing with him the sorrow of the loss of his only son, to fight the great campaign which has set the seal on his high reputation as one of the foremost men among strategists. The Army in India has always loved "Bobs," for during his forty-one years in that country he never tired of working for the good of the private soldier. It is to Lord Roberts, more than to any General, or any preacher, or any reformer, that we owe the temperate Army of to-day, which has taken the place of the hard-drinking Army of a century ago. It is to Lord Roberts that the soldier in India owes the thousand-and-one small luxuries that make his life tolerable during the hot weather—the airy reading-room with its punkahs, the cleanly served suppers, the ice, and the table-cloths in the Institutes. And what all India knew yesterday, the whole of the British Empire knows to-day, and the kindness of the "Great Little Man," his friendship for the men in the ranks, his memory for faces of old comrades, however humble, his compassion for the defeated and horror of unnecessary loss of life, are talked of not only in Great Britain, but in the wider coasts of Greater Britain, and, as an echo to the cheers of the multitudes who will acclaim to-morrow the soldier's friend, there will come from pine-forests and palm-groves, from prairie and desert, from ranch and plantation, the best of welcoming wishes for the hero of the hour, the conqueror of men's hearts.

The bells have rung out the used-up century, and we stand on the threshold of a new great vista of history. We have said good-bye to the hundred years that have given us the locomotive, the electric telegraph, and the rifle. What wonders lie behind the curtain we face? We consider ourselves a thoroughly progressive generation, and smile a little, not unkindly, when we think of those dear, old-fashioned people, our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers, who deemed a stage-coach a miracle of quick travelling, who went the Grand Tour in their own carriages, who dined at afternoon-tea time, and looked on a visit to the theatre as a serious event in their lives; but what will our great-grandchildren, who listen to the chimes ringing out 2000 and ringing in 2001, think of us? Shall we seem to them to have lived as slowly as the men and women of 1800 seem to have done to us? Will our flying northern expresses, our electric trains in the bowels of the earth, our submarine boats and our air-ships, be as much out-dated and out-paced as "Puffing Billy" and the lumbering old East Indiamen of the early years of the last century now are? Shall we, in our stove-pipe silk hats, frock-coats, and turn-over collars, afford infinite merriment to the youngsters who look through the family photographic albums a century hence, always supposing that such things as albums exist then? What will the photograph be in 2001? The daguerreotype of half-a-century ago and the work of art which a photograph seems to us to-day are very wide apart in beauty. Will the improvement continue in the next hundred years, and what will the supreme expression of the art be in the twenty-first century?

We look to-day at the map of the world and note how in the past century the red border that denotes British dominion has crept round many lands in many seas, and how the young giants, our Colonies, have dotted their shores with towns, seamed their plains with railways and pitted them with mines. How will that great yellow patch which is China be coloured a century hence? Where will the boundaries of India be traced? What new cities will blacken the blank spaces of the maps of Australia and South Africa?

The great army of physicians has fought well during the past century. Lives have been given as fearlessly as they are on the battlefield in the struggle with disease, and some of the terrors that attend the vanguard of Azrael have vanished. Rabies is no longer the certain road to death following a mad dog's bite, and small-pox has been robbed of most of its fierceness. Our great-grandchildren will talk of the plague and cholera and enteric and malaria as scourges that have vanished before the science of medicine.

When our great-grandchildren tell their sons and daughters that London was at one time covered with wires like a spider's web, and that telegraphic and telephonic communication was interrupted by a gale or a heavy fall of snow, the young people will think that their parents are falling into exaggeration; and that the traffic of the greatest city in the world was disorganised at frequent intervals by the roads being torn up will be ascribed to the inventive genius of the men who wrote for the comic papers at the beginning of the twentieth century.

What will our Army be in 2001? It is instructive to read Napier and Lever and contrast their writings with those of Lord Roberts and Kipling. The three-bottle man, who was never expected to be sober after two in the afternoon, has absolutely vanished from the officers' mess, and "bloody wars and quick promotion" is no longer the favourite toast. The lash has gone, the canteen has been superseded by the regimental institute, the soldier is treated as a respectable member of society, and the greatest British Commander of the day has written of him that he is a hero and a gentleman. The century that has passed has seen the de-brutalising of the British Army. The century that is with us will bring the higher education in practical soldiering.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

The Coming of "Bobs"—The Road to Buckingham Palace—A Word to the Crowd—Holiday Station Crushes—Captains and Bowlers—Fair and Unfair Bowling—Greetings for the New Century.

TO-MORROW, all being well, our "Bobs," the "Great Little Man," is due in London at about one o'clock, and "The Man in the Street" will turn out in great force to cheer him on his way to Buckingham Palace through the Park and Piccadilly. Seldom has man deserved better of his Queen and Country than the Commander-in-Chief.

At the time of writing, a south-westerly gale has been blowing for several days, and the good ship *Canada*, which left Gibraltar on Saturday last, may consequently be delayed on her way home. But, as a good margin of time has been allowed on this occasion, we may hope to see the grey head and spare figure get out of the train at Paddington to-morrow at the hour fixed. The route from the station to Buckingham Palace is much that which the Queen follows when she comes to London, as it will be down London Street, Sussex Gardens, and Westbourne Street to Victoria Gate, but then round the Park by the Ring to Apsley House. And, instead of going down Constitution Hill, Lord Roberts and the Prince of Wales will drive along Piccadilly, down St. James's Street, and then by Marlborough Gate and the Mall to the Palace.

It is not often that "The Man in the Street" feels inclined to preach, but I must say that I hope there will not be the slightest excuse to-morrow for the enemies of England to say that the sightseers degenerated into a mob. When the "C.I.V." marched to the City, a lot of exaggerated stuff was spoken and written, and, of course, copied into the foreign papers, about the behaviour of the crowd. There was, naturally, a good deal of pushing and crowding, but that is only to be expected when more than a million people come together to look at the same thing. That there was any unpleasantness was due not to "The Man in the Street," but to the authorities, whoever they were, whose duty it was to keep the road for the citizen soldiers. Those authorities lay remarkably low, and I, for one, have never heard who they were; but this time the military will have command of the route, and will see that it is kept, and so I do not anticipate that there will be the slightest inconvenience to anybody.

London is a doleful place at Christmas-time, especially when the fog of the season comes on, as it did this year, and it is no wonder that everyone goes out of town who can. And, thanks to the general closing, most of us can get away, if it is only for a day or two, and I wish that the railway companies would realise the fact that a good part of every holiday is spent by many thousands in their trains. Long before the trains are drawn up at the principal stations, the platforms are crowded by hundreds of eager travellers, who find the carriage accommodation quite inadequate. Getting a seat resembles nothing so much as a football scrummage, and, though eventually everyone manages to get away, there is more than a bit of a scramble to do so. It is all right for "The Man in the Street," whose ribs are tough; but for the women and children it is a little too exciting as the commencement of a holiday.

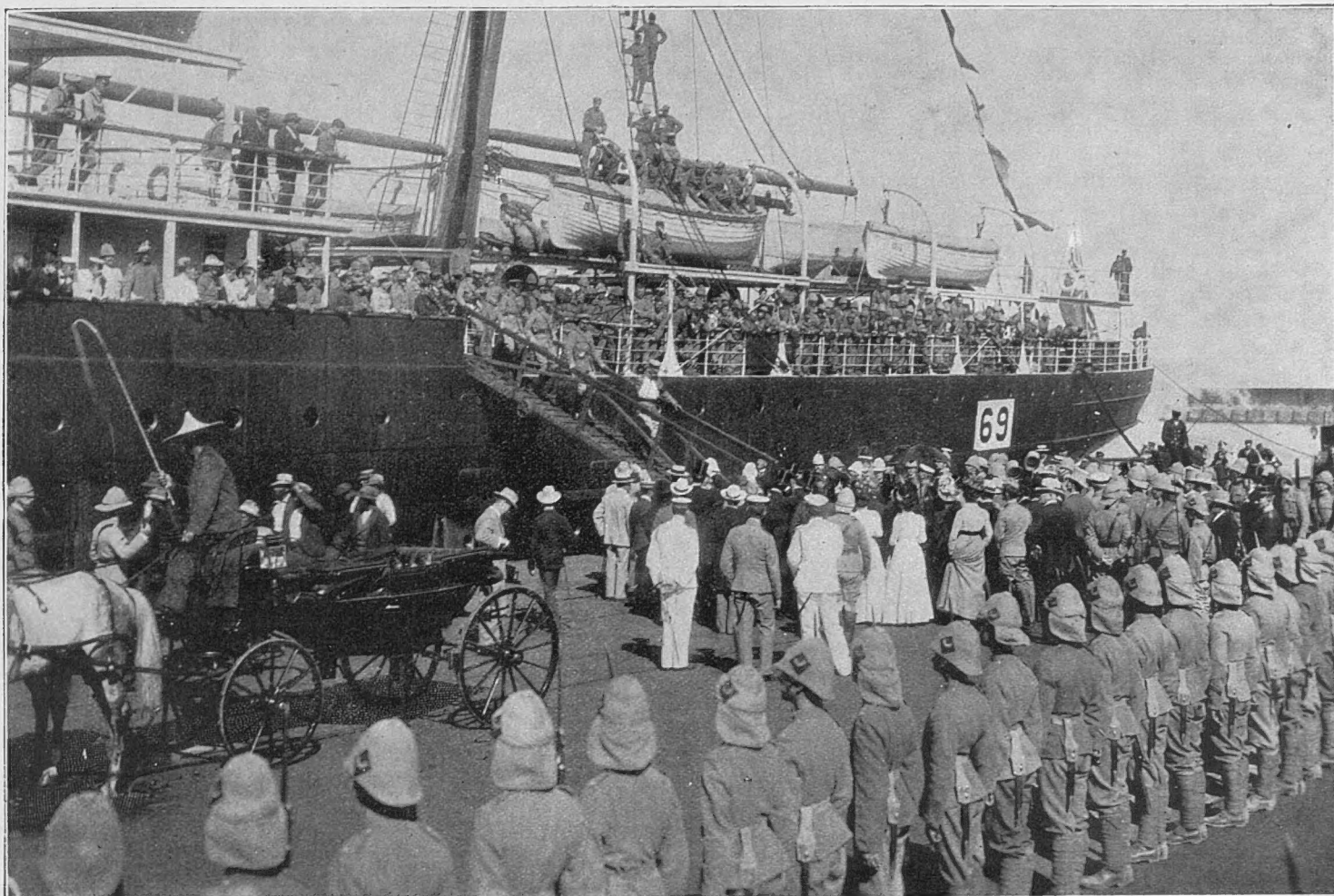
It is a little odd to be talking of cricket in the very middle of the football season, but the action of the Captains over the unfair-bowling question has been a general topic of conversation. But what I should like to know is, whether the Captains have the right, like the Jockey Club, to warn any man off the Turf. It seems to me it is a matter for the individual umpire to say whether a man is bowling fairly or not. Of course, it is an unpleasant thing for an umpire to "no ball" a man who may be his friend and may make his living by the game; but still, lots of duties are unpleasant, and what an umpire needs to feel is that he will be thoroughly backed up in his action, if necessary. Another thing is, for how long is a bowler to be suspended? A man whose action is unfair may quite possibly set to work and alter his style so that no exception can be taken to it, and, as long as he bowls and does not throw, he has every right to play the game. Anyhow, the action of the Captains will have the effect of clearing the air, whatever be its outcome; but the funny part of it is that the decision should have been taken after a season in which the outcry was for making things harder, not for the bowler, but for the batsman.

Yesterday we began a New Year and a New Century. Of course, we are all going to turn over new leaves and do great things. That goes without saying. At any rate, "The Man in the Street" wishes all his readers a very Happy New Year and a Prosperous New Century. He will not add, "And many of them," as that might savour of flippancy.

Crash! The "hammering" of several hard-hit firms in the Stock Exchange last Saturday morning through over-speculation in Westralian Gold Mines should act as an impressive warning to investors too prone to put their money into companies having big titles for figure-heads. The painful Stock Exchange scene was, it may be remembered, represented to the life by Mr. Arthur Collins on the stage of Drury Lane in a recent melodrama.

Bravo, Colville! Your refusal to resign on a decision based on *ex parte* statement is what might have been expected from a General with such a distinguished reputation. Fair play!

ARRIVAL OF LORD ROBERTS AT CAPE TOWN BY THE DOMINION LINER "CANADA."

From Photographs by Messrs. Peters and Travers, Cape Town.

Lord Roberts, with arm in sling, on gangway.

LORD ROBERTS' DISEMBARKATION.



Lord Roberts.

LORD ROBERTS IS THE FIRST FIGURE ON THE HURRICANE-DECK (HIS ARM IN A SLING), WITH GENERAL IAN HAMILTON, EARL OF KERRY, LORD STANLEY, AND COLONEL COWEN. GENERAL KELLY-KENNY IS ON THE UPPER BRIDGE.

THE LATE LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD, V.C.

ONE of the bravest of the brave, Lord William Beresford seemed to live a charmed life through the Jowaki Expedition, and Zulu, Afghan, and Burmese Wars, but, irony of fate! died, alas! of a painful illness in the peaceful haven of rest he had gained on his marriage with the Dowager-Duchess of Marlborough.

There was an expression of general regret when the sad tidings of Lord William Beresford's death spread through the town on Saturday



THE LATE LORD WILLIAM LESLIE DE LA POER BERESFORD, V.C.

Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly

morning last. He made a good fight of it, but breathed his last at The Deepdene, Dorking, about midnight on Friday last. Third son of the fourth Marquis of Waterford, Lord William Leslie de la Poer Beresford was born on July 20, 1847, and had distinguished himself as a soldier ere he married, on April 30, 1895, Lily Warren, daughter of the late Commodore Cicero Price, of New York, and the widow of the late Louis Hammersley, of the Empire City, and of the late Duke of Marlborough. Late Colonel of the 9th Lancers, he won the "V.C." by a dashing act of valour at the Battle of Ulundi—the most intrepid feat the late Archibald Forbes said he had ever witnessed—and he won golden opinions whilst acting as "A.D.C." to Lord Lytton when he was Viceroy of India. A superb horseman himself, he naturally took a deep interest in racing on his return to England, and in 1896 his horses won no less than £42,723. Popular as his brothers, Admiral Lord Charles and Lord Marcus Beresford, Lord William is mourned by a large host of friends.

PEEPS FORWARD INTO BOOKLAND, WITH A FEW BACKWARD GLANCES.

BY AN EXPERT OF "THE ROW."

BEFORE enumerating some of the works which are promised for publication during the first year of the new century, a glance back at some of the factors which have affected the bookselling trade may not be without interest. During the early part of the past year the bookselling trade was far from prosperous. When the autumn announcements appeared, however, better results were anticipated. But these were not realised until well into December, when, thanks to the many attractive books published and the genial character of the weather,

THE BOOK TRADE,

beyond all other trades, could congratulate itself upon the business done. The production of books, like history, is in many of its characteristics continually repeating itself. It is also true that the issue of particular kinds of books runs in cycles. During certain years we have books in biography; during other years, books on travel and history are most to the front. A cycle cannot, however, be given to fiction, except as regards the source from which the plots are drawn, for, like the poor, fiction is always with us.

The year which has just closed may be considered a year in which the Cycle of Biography existed. To illustrate this argument, I need only mention such important works published during 1900 as "Huxley's Life and Letters," by his son; Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon," John Morley's "Cromwell," "The Life of the Emperor Frederick," "Helen

Faucit," by Sir T. Martin; Augustus J. C. Hare's "Story of My Life," as well as the completion of that marvellous storehouse of knowledge, "The Dictionary of National Biography," now to be brought by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. within the reach of every home.

THE GLADSTONE AND "DIZZY" BIOGRAPHIES.

The future is big with biography. We are promised "The Life of the Duke of Argyll," by his son, the present Duke; the first instalment of Mr. John Morley's "Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone," and probably an instalment of Lord Rowton's Life of Lord Beaconsfield; Mr. Graham Balfour's authoritative "Life of R. L. Stevenson"; "William Black," by Sir Wemyss Reid; "Letters of Prince Bismarck Addressed to his Wife," and Lord E. Fitzmaurice's "Life of Earl Granville."

IN FINE-ART WORKS

for the spring we shall have Sir Walter Armstrong's long-promised and exhaustive "Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.," which will contain a large number of reproductions from some of the great English painter's choicest examples; also "Charles II," by Osmund Airy, in Goupil's beautiful series of "English Historical Characters."

China, as well as the concluding events in the South African War, will furnish a large addition to our War literature. One of the first works to be issued upon the former will be "China," with an account of her history, population, government, and diplomacy, by Mr. E. H. Parker, who was for many years Adviser to the Burmah Government. There will likewise be issued many

CHRONICLES OF THE CENTURY

which has just closed. The most important will be "The Regions of the World, 1900," in twelve descriptive volumes, which will not only deal with Great Britain and Greater Britain, but will give a detailed account of America and most of the Continental States. Look also for the first volumes of a work which has been a long time in preparation, edited by Lord Acton, and contributed to by experts in their various departments of knowledge. This work will be entitled "General History of Modern Times," and will be both authoritative and exhaustive.

A publishing event of the greatest importance to Londoners will be the issue of the earlier volumes of

SIR WALTER BESANT'S "SURVEY OF LONDON."

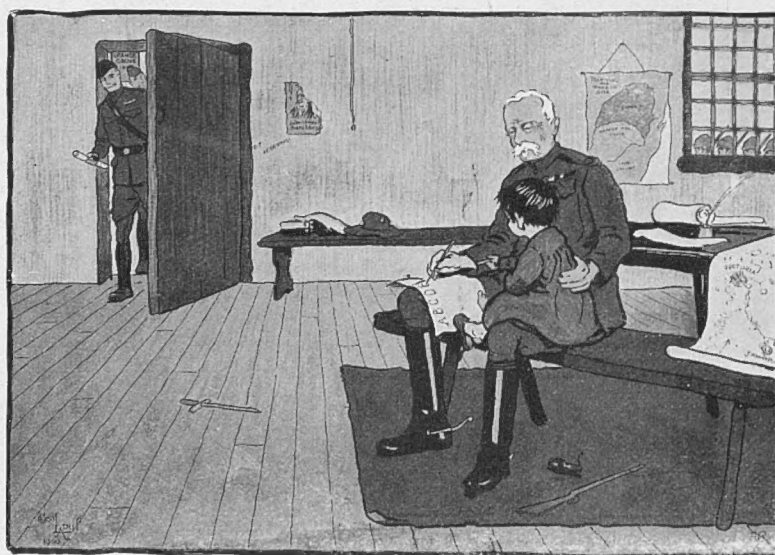
This history will be of a most exhaustive nature. Upon much of its details Sir Walter has spent many years of research.

IN FICTION,

the most important work will be, perhaps, Rudyard Kipling's "Kim," to be run first as a serial in *Cassell's Magazine*. Mr. S. R. Crockett has promised us "Silver Sand"; Mr. J. B. Burton, "A Vanished Rival"; Mr. Anthony Hope, "Tristram of Blent"; Mr. Neil Munro, "Doom Castle"; Mr. Joseph Conrad, "The Rescue"; Mr. J. A. Steuart, "The Eternal Quest"; the Rev. Baring-Gould, "Nebo"; and Madame Sarah Grand, "Babs the Impossible." In periodical literature, the title of

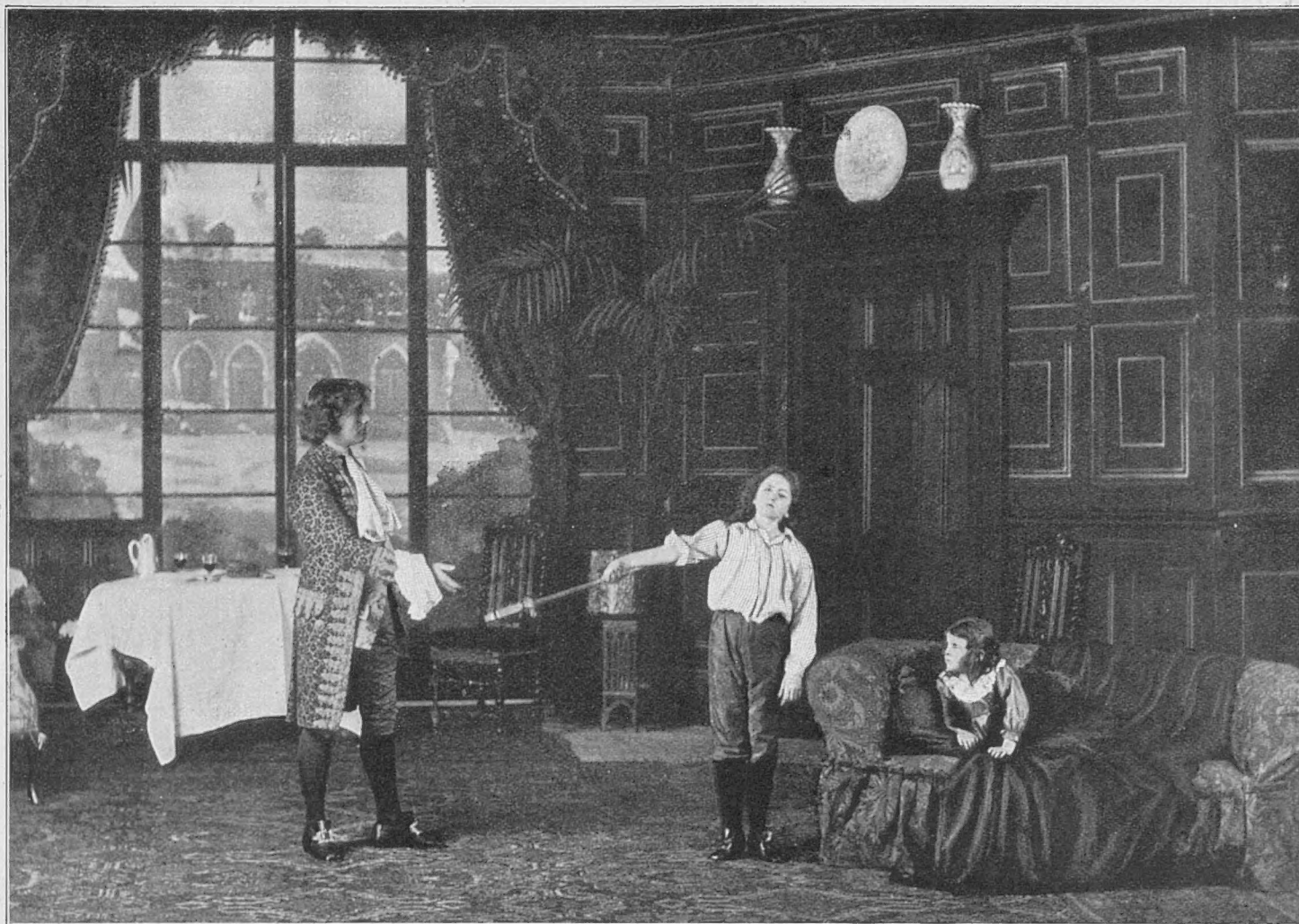
"THE TWENTIETH CENTURY"

has been secured. This new magazine will start at the beginning of the year, and will sell for two-and-sixpence, and be upon the same lines as the *Nineteenth*. We are also to have another new magazine which will interest itself entirely in hitherto unpublished poetry. It will bear the title of the *Thrush*, and, if it gives us as much enjoyment as the English songster of that name, it will not have come in vain. As far as an estimate can now be made, the year 1901 promises to be a busy one with publishers, who can always count upon the loyal support of *The Sketch*.



"BOBS" AS SCHOOLMASTER.

The *Illustrated London News* is issuing a limited edition of high-class plates in colours from the clever drawing by Cecil Aldin entitled "Bobs' as Schoolmaster." The size is 16 by 11 in. exclusive of margin, and the price half-a-crown. The following photogravures are also to be had from the same office: "Lord Roberts at 'the Front,'" two hundred Artist's Proofs from the painting by R. Caton Woodville, price three guineas each; "Sons of the Blood," "The Queen Listening to a Despatch," "The Surrender of Cronjé to Lord Roberts," "The Queen's Garden-Party at Buckingham Palace," all at half-a-guinea each, a few Artist's Proofs at one guinea; "The C.I.V. at St. Paul's," price five shillings, Artist's Proofs half-a-guinea. Apply, *Illustrated London News Photogravure Department*, 198, Strand, London, W.C.



Jack Dalwyn (Grahame Browne).

Sir R. Elverton (Beatrice Terry). Barbara Elverton (Queenie May).

"THE MAN WHO STOLE THE CASTLE," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE: THE HALL AT ELVERTON CASTLE.



Shock-headed Peter (G. Grossmith junior).

Harriet (Kitty Loftus).

"SHOCK-HEADED PETER," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE: THE ARRIVAL OF SHOCK-HEADED PETER TO DINNER.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S PRODUCTION OF "CORIOLANUS."

FROM Mr. J. W. Comyns Carr I have received the welcome announcement that Sir Henry Irving will produce Shakspeare's tragedy, "Coriolanus," on his return to the Lyceum in April next. Miss Ellen Terry will play the part of Volumnia. That the scenery will be quite up to the high level of excellence Sir Henry Irving is justly famed for is beyond question, seeing that it will be after the special designs of Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A.

Speaking of the Lyceum scenery, worthy of warm admiration are the remarkably beautiful tableaux which Mr. Hawes Craven and Mr. E. G. Banks have painted for Mr. Lewis Waller's magnificent and successful revival of "Henry the Fifth."

GOOD CHEER FOR POOR CHILDREN.

HAPPILY for the poor and miserable, the good that benevolent men do lives after them, and stimulates their worthy successors to carry on the divine work of cheering and comforting the waifs and strays of this big City. Thus, the New Century, inheriting from the Old a most noble legacy of Charity, will earnestly carry on the grand philanthropic institutions with which the name of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury is inalienably associated.

The Ragged School Union's devoted Secretary, Mr. John Kirk, aptly printed the medallion I copy of the late Lord Shaftesbury on the card of invitation to the notable Christmas Dinner and Entertainment given to fifteen hundred children by "Uncle Harry" and members of the "Children's Sunbeam Society of South Australia" in Hoxton on the 28th ult. You may imagine the zest with which the colossal juvenile dinner-party in the Pittfield Street Swimming Bath tackled the glorious feast of roast-beef of Old England, with plum-pudding and fruit to follow, to the merry music of the band. You may do better—provide a similar feast in the New Year by promptly sending your cheques or postal-notes for the purpose to Mr. John Kirk, Ragged School Union, 32, John Street, Adelphi, London.

Sir William Treloar, "the Children's Alderman," had the advantage of Mr. Kirk's co-operation in securing the success of the seventh annual dinner to the poor and crippled children of London at the Guildhall on New Year's Eve. It was a triumph of organisation. I had the pleasure of hearing Lord Mayor Green's fine, resonant voice ringing through the Guildhall at the Ninth of November banquet, but I am sure Frank Green (accompanied by his charming daughter) must have found greater



THE BENEVOLENT EARL OF
SHAFTESBURY.

pleasure when he saw the regiment of afflicted little ones whom Sir William Treloar takes under his especial care evince their appreciation of the good King and Brymer fare provided for them at the head-centre of the largest-hearted Corporation in the World. Not only were the hearts of some thirteen hundred cripples rejoiced in the historic hall on Monday night. Many had perforce to remain at home. But, bless you, Sir William Treloar (as handsome a bearded Alderman as ever stood unconsciously for the time-honoured figure of Father Christmas) was not going to let them suffer. No. Twenty new vans were engaged to convey presents (weighing no less than sixteen tons!) to the children who couldn't



ALDERMAN SIR WILLIAM TRELOAR.

Photo by W. J. Wright.

come. And the gift for each crippled child consisted of a meat-pie over 2 lb. in weight, 1½ lb. cake, 2 lb. Christmas-pudding, ¼ lb. of sweets, and ½ lb. of fragrant tea. Nearly forty miles of string were used to tie up these welcome gifts. All honour to Sir William Treloar for the inception and continuance of this Gargantuan feast of reason and flow of soul!

The Sketch has but quoted two instances of the hearty endeavours noble-minded men—aye, and the noblest Queen that ever lived—are making to ameliorate the sad lot too many have yet to endure outside the workhouses in this overgrown Metropolis. But these serve as fair samples of the open-handed charity for which Great Britain and its Capital are so deservedly famed—an unrivalled charity in which the New Century is bound to vie with the Old.

THE ROYAL MASONIC INSTITUTION FOR BOYS,

fostered by a self-sacrificing Board of Benevolence and assiduously looked after by its indefatigable Head Master and devoted Secretary (Bro. J. Morrison McLeod, P.G.S.), has had a very good year indeed. Bro. McLeod had the satisfaction to report to the "R.M.I.B." Committee at the end of the year that the total subscription for the twelvemonth was the third highest in the history of the institution (excepting the grand Centennial Year), the sums received amounting to over £25,000. In view of the magnitude of the charitable and kindly work achieved by the three great Masonic Benevolent Institutions, it is earnestly to be hoped that the Masonic Brotherhood will continue to flourish and increase, as it has done under the zealous auspices of the M.W. Grand Master, the Prince of Wales, imparting a genial zest to life, offering timely help to the unfortunate and to widows and orphans, and binding men together by the congenial links of goodwill and humanity. So mote it be!

THE GENERALS OF THE NEW CENTURY.

New Year's Day, which is this year New Century's Day, makes the *Illustrated London News* portfolio of the victorious Generals of the end of the old century who have worked hard to bring this War to a satisfactory and speedy conclusion a particularly appropriate and acceptable gift, for the Generals whose portraits are given must rank high in the military annals as well of the twentieth as the nineteenth century. It is especially interesting at the present time, when the Commander-in-Chief returns home after his last victorious campaign. The portfolio contains eight portraits of the Generals who have borne the most prominent parts in the recent South African War, and of these the portrait of Lord Roberts is of particular interest, as it shows the Commander-in-Chief in profile. The eight portraits are beautifully pulled in colour on a Rembrandt art board, and are surrounded by a gold mount ready for framing. The other portraits are of Kitchener, Buller, Baden-Powell, Macdonald, French, Ian Hamilton, and Rundle. Only a very limited number of copies has been printed, and we therefore must request intending purchasers to place their orders without delay with the Publisher, 198, Strand, or at any bookstalls. Now publishing. Price five shillings.

A "SKETCH" FINE-ART COLOURED PLATE.

Subscribers to *The Sketch* Christmas Number may be pleased to learn that the Supplement entitled "Mistletoe" has been reproduced as a high-class coloured art plate, and can be supplied by special arrangement at the reduced price of half-a-guinea. It is printed in twenty-three colours, and is mounted on cardboard for framing. Apply, Publisher of *The Sketch*, 198, Strand, London, W.C.

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"It should be read by everyone who is in danger of becoming a victim of the hideous disease known as corpulency."—*Pictorial World*. "This is the very best book on corpulency that has ever been written."—*LADY*. London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Court at Osborne.

The Queen's Christmas was sadly shadowed by the death at Osborne itself of one of Her Majesty's oldest and most valued friends. Jane, Baroness Churchill, was known to the Sovereign from childhood, and her appointment as Lady-in-Waiting took place in 1851. In the Prince Consort's Life and the Sovereign's diaries are references to this favourite member of the Royal Household, and, as time went on, the link between the Queen and Lady Churchill naturally grew closer. During the last fourteen years—that is, since the death of Lord Churchill—his widow spent a great part of each year with her Royal friend and mistress, whose personal tribute to the late Lady Churchill was so touching.

The Premier as Grandfather.

Probably few among us realise that Lord Salisbury is, in every sense of the word, a great family-man. It was he who hit on the capital idea that the huge bonfire which was lit at Hatfield on the evening of Lord and Lady Edward Cecil's return from South Africa should be set alight by the hero of Mafeking's tiny son, George, a fine little lad of five years old, who is thought by many people to strongly resemble his brilliant and good-looking grandfather, the late Admiral Maxse, whose romantic career and striking personality provided Mr. George Meredith with material for one of his most notable novels, "Beauchamp's Career."

The Children of Hatfield.

Lord Salisbury is the proud grandfather of fourteen grandchildren, the eldest, who bears the curious names of Roundell Cecil (the family names of his two grandfathers), being Viscount Wolmer, the eldest child of his daughter, Lady Selborne. The youngest of the Premier's grandchildren are the twin-daughters—warmly welcomed by the whole Cecil family—of the Rector of Hatfield and Lady Florence Cecil, who were already the parents of three sons when the two baby girls were added simultaneously to their nursery. All the more youthful members of the Cecil family spent Christmas at Hatfield, where, however, they greatly missed the bright presence of the late Lady Salisbury, who was the kindest of grandmothers. The future master of Hatfield, Lord Cranborne's only son, called Robert Arthur James, after his grandfather and Mr. Balfour, will be eight years old next August.

The New "K.T."

The Thistle may be intended to console Lord Balfour of Burleigh for not being promoted in the reconstruction of the Cabinet. It was, in any event, deserved by the Secretary for Scotland. Although not one of the brilliant men of the Cabinet, Lord Balfour is a capable administrator and knows more than the average statesman about business. The fact that his services are often in demand as an arbitrator proves the soundness of his judgment. He has been Scottish Secretary since 1895. The salary is only £2000, whereas the principal Secretaries of State receive £5000. Lord Balfour is one of the tallest members of a Cabinet in which there are several very tall men. He is not related to Mr. Arthur Balfour. His name is Bruce.

Viscount Goschen.

Viscount Goschen of Hawkhurst has in his time played so many parts, with solid success in each, that the old taunt as to taking command of the Channel Fleet, levelled at Lord John Russell and other versatile and self-confident statesmen, would seem to have partly lost its sting. Thirty years ago, Sir James Elphinstone voiced the astonishment and scorn of the Tory Opposition in the House of Commons by asking the then Premier whether he had heard the "incredible statement" that Mr. Goschen had been appointed First Lord of the Admiralty. Mr. Gladstone quietly replied that he could not say whether the statement was "incredible," but it was true. Known up to that time chiefly for his acquaintance with financial and commercial affairs, Mr. Goschen commanded our fleets from Whitehall so well as to escape censure even from those most terrible critics, the Naval experts, and contrived to conciliate all branches of a jealous Service, from those whom he was fond of calling "our Bluejackets" upwards to the highest grade. At the Exchequer, which, like South

Africa, is the "grave of reputations," he fully justified expectations of his capacity for the Chancellorship, and now, on his elevation to the Peerage, his first act is to show his interest in the military defences of the country by presenting prizes to Volunteers.

The "K.D.G.'s." The 1st (King's) Dragoon Guards, ordered to embark on the 8th for the Seat of War, have been specially favoured by Fortune in the matter of war-service. While some regiments boasting quite as long an existence—such as the "Queen's Bays"—throughout their career seem almost invariably fated to be last "on the roster," "The King's," with a list of honours extending from "Blenheim" to "South Africa, 1879," are once again to the fore. The regiment saw its first fighting, however, on British soil, at Sedgemoor, and afterwards in Scotland and Ireland. After Dettingen and Fontenoy, it saw no further fighting till Waterloo, when it was brigaded with the Life and Horse Guards under Lord Edward Somerset, and lost eleven officers and some two hundred and fifty men killed and wounded. It is a curious fact that in 1810 "The King's" shared with the Life Guards the duty of providing the "Gold Stick in Waiting," an honour at that time extended not even to the "Blues." For the regiment's services in the latter part of the Crimean campaign, "Sevastopol" figures in its list of honours. One of the peculiar distinctions the "K.D.G.'s" pride themselves on is that alone among our cavalry regiments they bear on their standards the words "Taku Forts" and "Pekin," for in the Chinese War of 1860, with Fane and Probyn's Horse, they composed the Cavalry Brigade. Then, again, in the Zulu War of 1879, the King's Dragoon Guards, with the famous "Death or Glory Boys," took part in the final smashing-up of Cetewayo's impis, and to Major Marter of the regiment fell the honour of capturing the sable monarch, who, when a Dragoon advanced to seize him, exclaimed, "White soldier, touch me not! I surrender to your Chief!" Later, "The King's" garrisoned Pretoria and other towns in the Transvaal during the disastrous Boer War of 1881. Lieutenant-Colonel H. M. Owen, who commands the regiment, was, till 1898, an officer of "Roger Tichborne's Own," the Carabiniers, and with that historic regiment went through the Afghan War of twenty years ago. The King's Dragoon Guards' Colonel-in-Chief is the Emperor of Austria.



THE LATE DOWAGER-LADY CHURCHILL, A FAITHFUL FRIEND OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

The Earl of Airlie Memorial.

The design for the memorial which the tenantry and friends of the Earl of Airlie, who was killed at the Battle of Diamond Hill, near Pretoria, last June, decided to erect to his memory has now been accepted and a site selected. The memorial, which closely follows the character of the tower at Airlie Castle, the ancestral home of the Ogilvys in Forfarshire, is a modification of the old Scottish peel-tower, and will be erected on Tullo Hill (1230 feet above sea-level), near the family seat at Cortachy. The base of the tower will be worked out in rock-faced ashlar, relieved with dressed panels with carved representations of the family arms and badges of the different regiments in which the late Earl served. The Committee entrusted with the erection of the monument, which will cost about eleven hundred pounds, has received a letter from the Countess of Airlie, expressing her warm appreciation of the honour done to the memory of her late husband.

William Black's Biographer.

The numerous admirers and old friends of the late William Black have been gratified at the announcement that Sir Wemyss Reid, whose intimacy with the distinguished novelist dates from the early 'sixties, has consented to write a memoir of his friend. Sir Wemyss Reid and Sir John Robinson, of the *Daily News*, are the only survivors of a group of distinguished journalists, which included George Augustus Sala and James Payn, who were wont to take lunch in company daily at the Reform Club. When Sir Wemyss came up to London from Leeds for a week-end a quarter of a century ago, he not infrequently visited William Black at Airlie House, Camberwell Grove, and he had pointed out to him by the novelist the scenes which form the local colour in "Madeap Violet."

Love's Young Dream.

Queen Wilhelmina seems to be enjoying, as do other less exalted maidens, her first taste of Love's young dream. Mr. Kruger is said to have had the honour of presenting the Dutch Sovereign with the first of her wedding-gifts, and the wily old gentleman thoroughly understood the nature of



NEW PORTRAIT OF QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND.

Photo by Bieber, Berlin.

the bride-elect's faithful subjects, for he presented her with a thimble! This may suggest to another President, M. Loubet, the advisability of providing the bride with a sewing-machine! Duke Henrik, of course, spent Christmas with his *fiancée*, and, according to popular rumour, the wedding-day will be fixed within the next week.

Good Wishes for the New Year.

At Home and Abroad, in Court and Camp, *The Sketch* is proud to know it has an ever-increasing circle of staunch and true friends. The good Christmas and New Year wishes many of them have sent to the Editor and Staff are most heartily reciprocated. Readers of *The Sketch* generally may be interested to know that some of these seasonable expressions of goodwill have come from such distant places as Quetta and Sydney, Hong-Kong and Calcutta, Buenos Ayres and Ottawa, New York and Quebec, from Tommy Atkins at "the Front," from Capetown, and even from Her Majesty's Post Office and Government Printing Office at Pretoria, where "Bobs" comes from. *The Sketch* fervently wishes Good Luck and Happiness to one and all in the New Year before us.

"B.-P.'s" S. A. Honours.

The brilliant and resourceful defender of Mafeking has honours wherever he goes on his Christmas holidays—and quite deservedly so. Hardly had Major-General Baden-Powell received a Sword of Honour from an admiring group in loyal South Africa than he continued his triumphal journey to Durban, where he was presented with the beautiful shield of which *The Sketch* gave a photograph last week. The total amount of subscriptions collected for the Durban shield and for the illuminated address exceeded £250, of which sum two hundred guineas were paid for the shield. The Committee who saw the happy idea realised had for Chairman, Lieutenant-Colonel Beningfield; Vice-Chairman, Mr. James Noble; with Mr. H. E. Mattinson, Hon. Treasurer, and Mr. E. W. Ballantine, Hon. Secretary.

Mark Rutherford.

The appearance of a new book by Mark Rutherford, an event of more than ordinary interest to the admirers of that distinguished writer, naturally awakens curiosity regarding the author who conceals his identity under this pseudonym. In his newly published "Pages from a Journal," Mark Rutherford relates his impressions of a visit, along with his father, paid to Carlyle in 1868. Eighteen years before this date he had received a letter, he tells us, from the Sage of Chelsea, and about the same time W. Hale White—the name of the anonymous writer has been an open secret since 1887—

had to quit New College, Oxford, on account of advanced views concerning Inspiration, an experience about which he reveals nothing. Mr. W. Hale White's father was, by the way, a well-known official in the House of Commons, and an observant and acute chronicler of Parliamentary proceedings in the early 'sixties, as the files of the old *Illustrated Times* testify. An eminent critic has averred that those who want to acquire style in writing should give their days and nights to Mark Rutherford, every sentence of whose works is a triumph of expression. Hale White knows London as comparatively few know it, but his days are now spent in his quiet Sussex home, where until lately he had Miss Betham-Edwards as a neighbour, and where some notable folks now and again foregather.

Mdlle. Félix Faure. The daughter of the former President of the French Republic, Mdlle. Lucie Félix Faure, who has just made her entry into the literary world by a critical work on "Newman: His Life and His Works," is said to be a young woman of great erudition and of considerable originality of thought. She reads the classics in the text, is an excellent Latinist and a distinguished Greek scholar. Those who met her at the Élysée were struck by her intelligent appreciation of men and situations, and it is well known that she was her father's counsellor. Her book on Cardinal Newman is a psychological analysis from the Roman Catholic view-point. The author is very devout, and in the occult influences which seemed to be working upon President Faure in the last year of his career there are those who have guessed that the Royalist priesthood brought a hand to bear upon him through his daughter. Mdlle. Félix Faure, with her mother, lives very quietly since they left the Élysée. She is very rich, occupies herself with philanthropic work, and is the President of the Charitable League of the Children of France, of which she was the founder.

Malmaison. The Greek millionaire, M. Osiris, living at Paris, has completely restored Malmaison, and offered it as a New Year's present to the French Government, to be used as a museum of Napoleonic souvenirs. It was in this château, a few miles out from Paris, that Napoleon and Josephine spent the happiest part of their married life, and it was here that Josephine lived after her divorce and died. It is said to have little interest from the art view-point, but to be rich in souvenirs of an epoch. They show there Josephine's bedroom, where, fifty years after her death, there lingered still the odour of patchouli, witnessing to the ex-Empress's excessive use of



NEW PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN AND PROSPECTIVE PRINCE CONSORT OF HOLLAND.

Photo by Wegner and Mottu, Amsterdam.

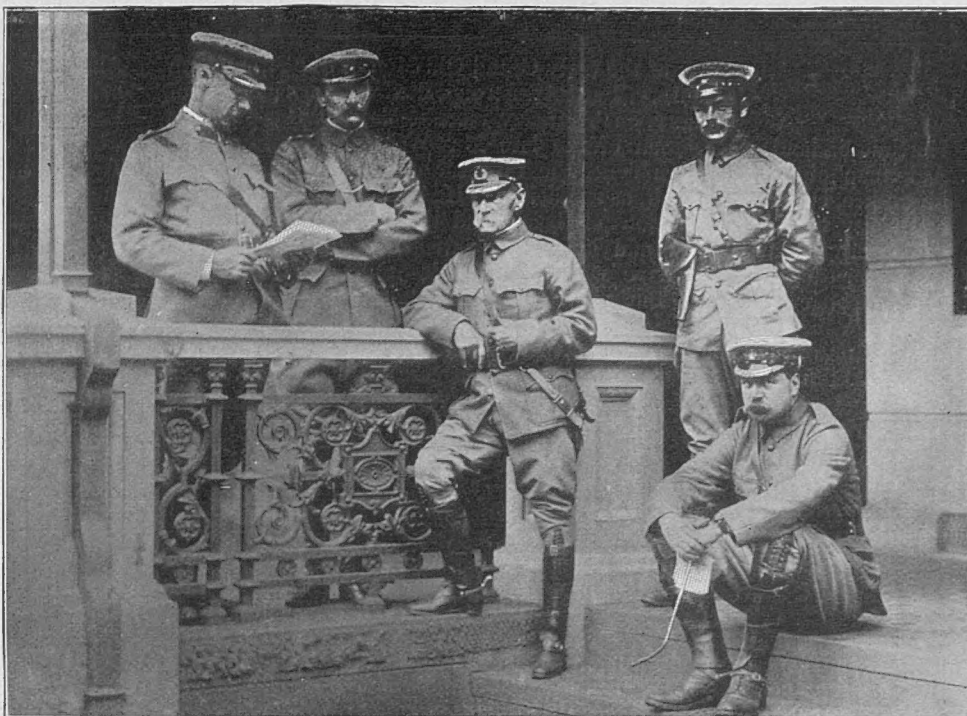
perfumes, and a certain drawing-room with a glass door opening upon the grand vestibule. It is said that, after he had become the spouse of Marie Louise, Napoleon when he went to Malmaison to visit Josephine never went any farther than this room, leaving his Aides-de-Camp to witness the interview through the door, so that they could render an account to Marie Louise.

Lord Roberts at Osborne.

The Commander-in-Chief during his brief stay in the Isle of Wight will find himself treated by his Sovereign more as an intimate friend than as a conquering hero. He will, however, receive the very signal honour of being admitted to that more select of great European Orders, the Garter. For the first time, it is said, on record the Garter is given as a reward of merit. Hitherto membership of "the Most Noble Order" was acquired only by the great Peers. It is recorded that a well-known early Victorian Duke observed on one occasion that what he liked about the Garter was "that there is no damned merit about it!" This nobleman's feelings, could he only come to life again this week, can be better imagined than described; but Lord Roberts truly deserves the greatest honour in his Sovereign's gift, and the nation will not grudge him the Order, of which the motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," is in this case peculiarly applicable.

Lord Roberts' First School

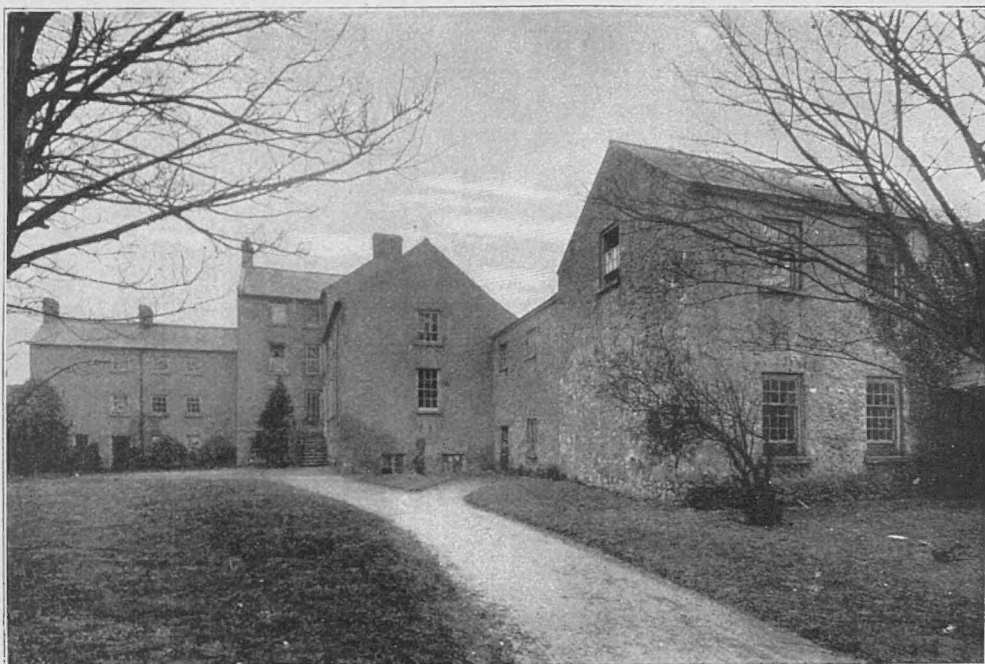
Lord Roberts is proud of the fact that he is thoroughly Irish, both his parents having been natives of the "distressful country," and both, it may be added, being what he has never claimed to be, of remarkably fine physique. What is less known is the fact that Lord Roberts has a good admixture of French blood in his veins, his great-grandmother having been a Frenchwoman. Although actually born in India—indeed, Cawnpore, place of



Lord Stanley.

PRETORIA PORTRAIT OF LORD ROBERTS, V.C., P.C., K.P., AND SOME MEMBERS OF HIS STAFF.

Copyright Photograph by Nissen, Pretoria, published by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



CARRICKMACROSS GRAMMAR SCHOOL, WHERE LORD ROBERTS RECEIVED HIS EARLY EDUCATION.

Copyright Photograph by O'Hanlon, Dundalk

unhappy memories, can claim Lord Roberts as one of its sons—he spent his childhood and early youth at Waterford, and it was there, before going to Eton, that he attended regularly the quaint old Carrickmacross Grammar School. According to the elderly worthies who can remember the Commander-in-Chief as a small boy, he was even then distinguished by a peculiarly charming manner, which has undoubtedly been a great help to him in his career; and, notwithstanding his small size, he was particularly active and good at every kind of outdoor game.

The Prince and the Glasgow Exhibition.

The prospects of the International Exhibition at Glasgow, which the Prince of Wales is to open, betoken no ordinary measure of success to this gigantic undertaking. It is understood that the Czar and Czarina will visit the Exhibition next summer, and already Russian workmen are busily engaged constructing a group of pavilions, one of which is designed as a state-room and fitted up in a costly manner for the reception of the Imperial visitors.

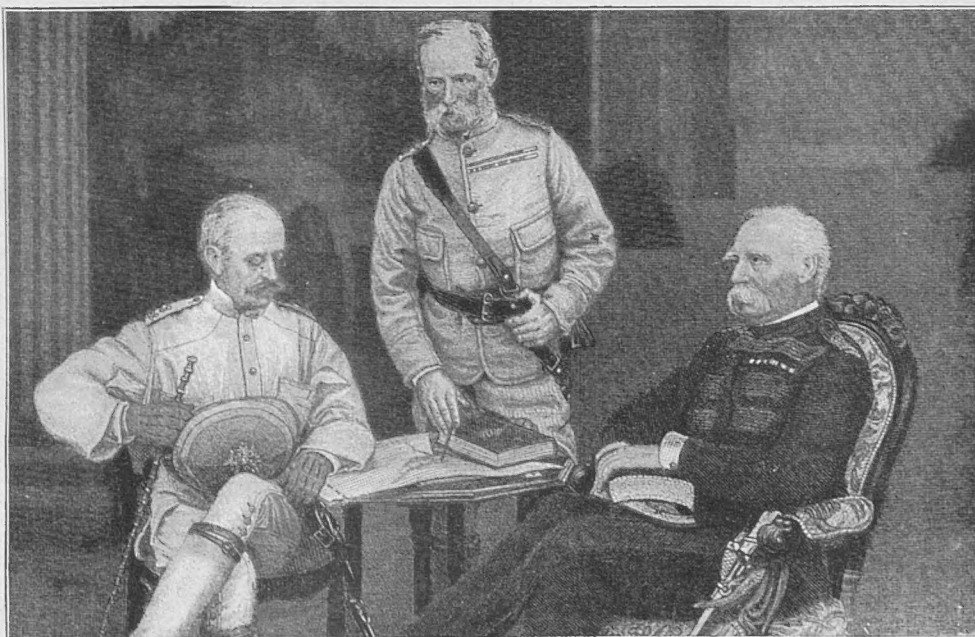
"Bobs" and the Glasgow Exhibition.

Before leaving Cape Town with Lord Roberts, General Ian Hamilton telegraphed to Sir John Muir, his father-in-law, in Glasgow, that the Commander-in-Chief had agreed to lend a number of Transvaal War trophies

to the International Exhibition, and that he himself would send a hexagonal-bore mountain-gun. It is expected that General Ian Hamilton will accompany Lord Roberts to Osborne. He will return to Hythe, at any rate, only to take leave of his command at the School of Musketry—and to receive, as has been arranged, the freedom of that town—the new Commander-in-Chief having secured the assistance of his friend and old Indian comrade in the forthcoming scheme of Army Reform. General Ian Hamilton is no novice in office work; he has on several occasions been called to Pall Mall, or been engaged in administrative missions issuing from the War Office, and it is, of course, no secret that the gallant soldier can with effect and facility wield the pen as well as the sword.

A New Engagement.

The engagement of Mr. Claud Lambton, the sixth brother of Lord Durham, to Miss Lettice Wormald is of considerable interest to a large section of Society. The bridegroom-elect, who is just five-and-thirty, is, of course, a younger brother of the hero of the *Powerful*, and among his sisters are the Duchess of Leeds, Lady Pembroke, and Lady Robert Cecil. The marriage will take place during the early spring.

A ROBERTS PHOTOGRAPH IN THE YEAR OF THE FAMOUS MARCH TO KANDAHAR.

General Hardinge.

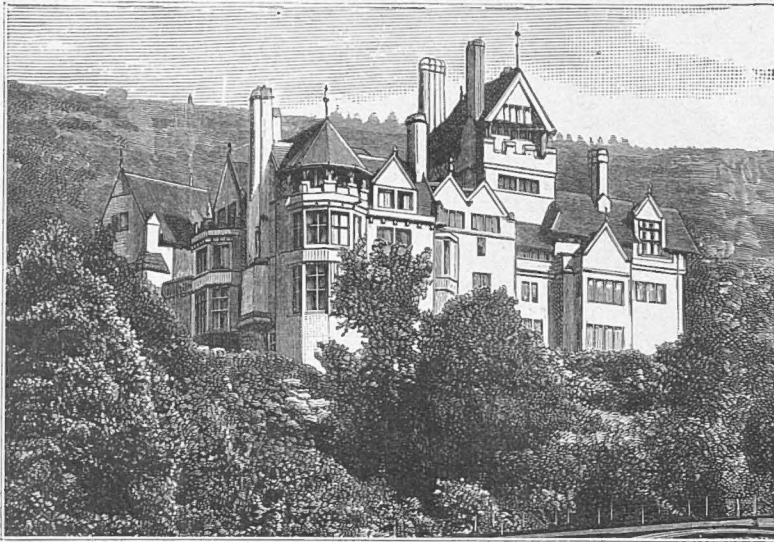
Sir F. Roberts.

Sir Donald Stewart.

GENERAL THE HON. A. E. HARDINGE, GENERAL SIR F. S. ROBERTS, BART., AND GENERAL SIR DONALD STEWART, BART.

The late Lord Armstrong.

One of the truly Grand Old Men of the Nineteenth Century, Lord Armstrong, died at the ripe age of ninety, on Thursday morning last, at Cragside, his Northumberland seat. Son of the late Mr. William Armstrong, an Alderman of Newcastle-on-Tyne, the inventor of the Armstrong Gun began life, curiously enough, as a solicitor. He preferred the study of electricity to the preparation of briefs and the writing of six-and-eightpenny letters (yet I would have been satisfied with six-and-eightpence for each epistle I have written). Result—the invention of the hydro-electric machine. But what of that? Didn't a farmer invent the screw for the propulsion of steamboats? Armstrong next turned his attention with good effect to devising hydraulic appliances of great utility. He then founded the wonderfully successful Elswick Works, which provided labour for hosts of skilful Newcastle engineers; and



CRAGSIDE, NORTHUMBERLAND SEAT OF THE LATE LORD ARMSTRONG.

Photo by Mr. J. Worsnop, Rothbury.

towards the close of the Crimean War began the manufacture of the rifled cannon which made the name of Armstrong famous all the world over. The Armstrong Gun won for William Armstrong a Knighthood and the Government appointment of Engineer of Rifled Ordnance. Later in life, when he resumed his position as head of the Elswick Works, he received honours in abundance, was made a Baron by the Queen, and exhibited exemplary benevolence in the generous bestowal of huge sums for charitable purposes, such as his noble gift of Armstrong Park to the citizens of Newcastle-on-Tyne, where his name will long be honoured and his memory kept green. His nephew, Mr. Watson Armstrong, is Lord Armstrong's heir.

Cragside.

The late Lord Armstrong's beautiful estate near Rothbury was laid out after his own plans. In the fine Elizabethan mansion, of which I give a view, there is a valuable collection of modern paintings, while over the carved mantelpiece of the dining-room is the motto, "East or West, home's best." Lord Armstrong purchased Bamborough Castle for sixty thousand pounds, and restored it within recent years. He was undoubtedly one of the most philanthropic as well as one of the most skilful and notable Captains of Industry who have added to the glory of the Victorian era.

Peers of Ninety. Lord Armstrong was one of only three nonagenarians in the Upper House. The survivors are Lord Gwydyr, who was born, like the late Lord, in 1810, and the Earl of Perth, who saw the light three years earlier. Only about half-a-dozen Lords have reached the age of eighty-five, but in longevity the Peers easily beat the Commons. There are only two members of the Lower House over eighty.

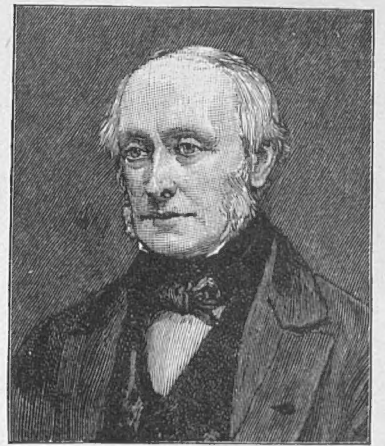
Although old in years, Lord Armstrong was young as a Peer, having been "created" only in 1887. The Father of the House of Lords is Lord Templemore, who succeeded his father in 1837, and took his seat when he came of age, in 1842. There is no man living who sat in the House of Lords when the Queen came to the throne.

The Mother of a Duke.

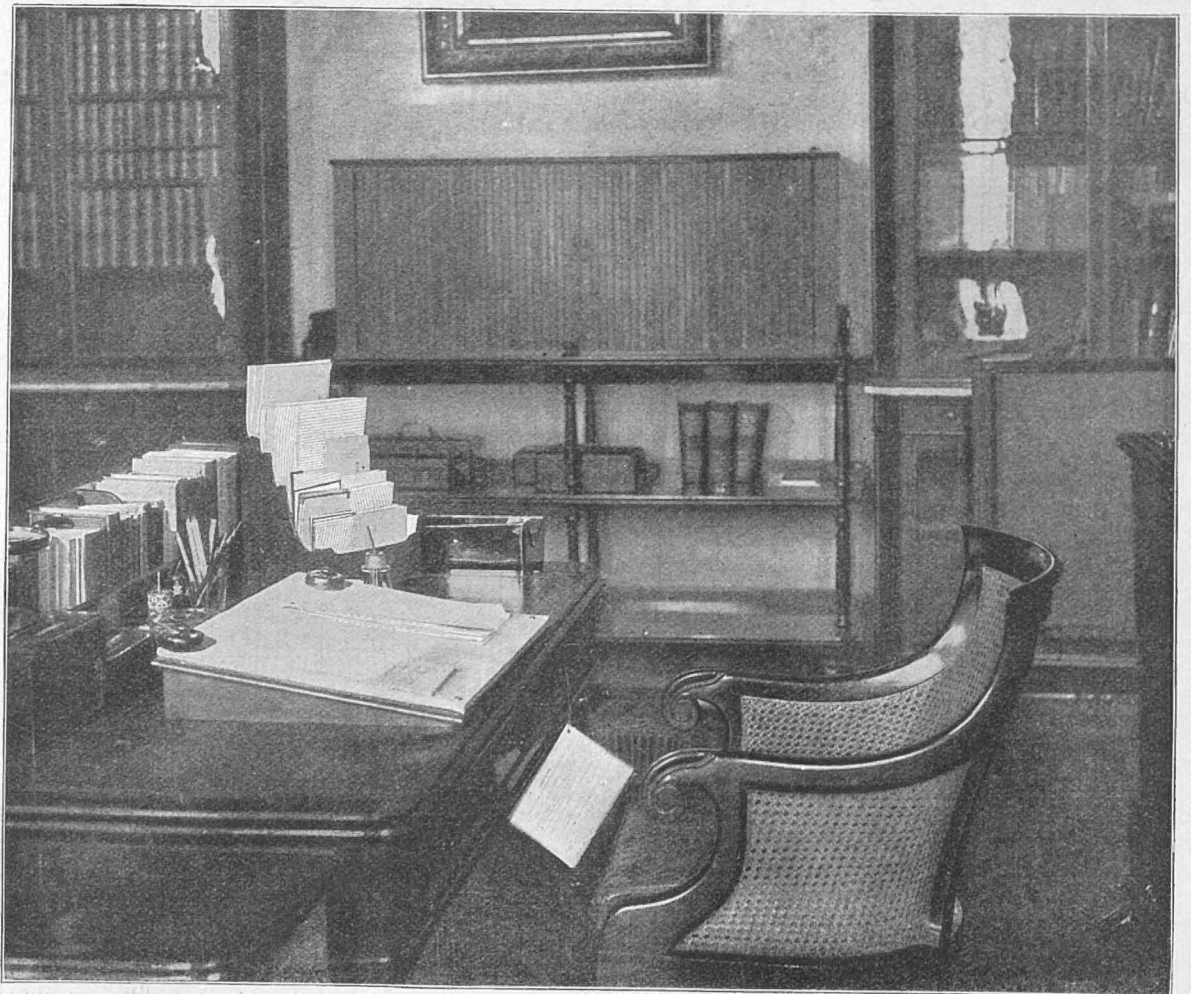
The Countess Grosvenor, who succeeds

Lady Betty Balfour as mistress of the charming residence in the Phoenix Park allocated to the use of the Chief Secretary of State for Ireland, is one of the most charming women in Society. Although the mother of a grown-up Duke, Lady Grosvenor looks like the sister of her own daughters, and there is something absurd in the thought that she is already a grandmother, Lady Shaftesbury having lately presented her lord with a son and heir. As is natural in the wife of so distinguished a politician as Mr. George Wyndham, Lady Grosvenor takes a keen interest in all that concerns modern statecraft, and at Saighton Towers, the beautiful place near Chester where she has spent so many happy years, Lady Grosvenor has often gathered together political house-parties, many matters of great moment to the nation having been decided in the beautiful rooms which look out on her lovely gardens, for she is one of the many modern ladies who pursue horticulture as a hobby. Lady Grosvenor will be a valuable addition to Dublin Society, the more so that Mr. Wyndham has himself a good deal of Irish blood in his veins, being, in fact, descended from the luckless Lord Edward FitzGerald. The wife of the Chief Secretary naturally plays a great part in the various Viceregal functions, and Ireland will be exceptionally favoured this winter in the presence of the Duchess of Connaught and Lady Grosvenor, the more so that they each possess charming daughters; while there can be little doubt that the Duke of Westminster will also spend much of his leisure with his mother and step-father, to whom, by the way, he has always been much devoted.

I was talking the other day with the editor of one of our most popular magazines, who receives a very large number of manuscripts. Out of these he used four during last year. Editors generally find that their work is best done by members of their staff.



THE LATE LORD ARMSTRONG.



CHAIR AND DESK AT THE WAR OFFICE AWAITING "BOBS."

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

The Empress Frederick.

On the Sunday afternoon previous to Christmas Day (writes my Berlin Correspondent), the Empress Frederick, ever mindful of others in their trials and tribulations, however great her own, sent a telegram, signed by herself, to the little children at the Children's Hospital founded by herself and her late Consort, wishing them a merry Christmas, and stating that she was with them in spirit though not in the body. A more charming spectacle than that which met my eye on arriving at the hospital could not be easily imagined: two wards, opening one into the other, ablaze with candle-lit Christmas-trees; a group of children of tender age, with the white-capped nurses in the background, standing listening in rapt attention to a few kindly words addressed to them by none other than the celebrated Professor Virchow, who read the Empress's telegram. When this was finished, a tiny mite of a child stepped shyly forward and recited a few verses on the "Knecht Rupprecht," as Father Christmas is called in this country, and then children and visitors went into the next ward to see the many presents given by the Empress Frederick and by the ladies of the working party of the English colony under the superintendence of Mrs. Fry, the English Chaplain's wife. Soon there was a noise of penny drums and trumpets, squeaking of dolls, feathered fowl, and woolly sheep; each cot was visited and the little sufferers comforted, and then the children were left alone to enjoy the substantial evidences of the Empress's kindly thought.

The German Emperor.

The Kaiser is evidently highly pleased with his new Imperial Chancellor, for His Majesty went in person to Graf Bülow's house and conferred upon him the High Order of the Black Eagle, and, too, just before Christmas Day, which seems rather to hint that the honour is an exceptionally great one and designed to give pleasure to the recipient at the time of universal rejoicing. The Emperor on the Saturday before Christmas suddenly expressed his intention of being present at Professor Slaby's lecture on Wireless Telegraphy. The lecture was most interesting. One of the largest lightning-conductors in Berlin was selected to serve as the medium between Charlottenburg, on the one side of Berlin, and Schöneweide, on the other, and then messages were transmitted backwards and forwards over this distance of fourteen miles with the greatest success. The Emperor applauded heartily, and was evidently immensely interested. The day previous to that, His Majesty had unveiled two new statues in the Avenue of Victory, the one representing the Electoral Prince Joachim II., and the other King Frederick William I. All the Emperor's sons were present at the ceremony, and formed a most picturesque group round their august father.

An Imperial Muff! The German Emperor has often proved that he is not in the least afraid of ridicule, and surely never more so than when he allowed himself to be photographed in full hunting-costume, holding in one hand a cigar, while the other is ensconced in a handsome furry muff! His Imperial Majesty is, it is said, expected to pay an incognito visit to Osborne. Queen Victoria's eldest grandson has proved himself within this last year a good friend to this country, and he may be sure of a very cordial welcome, the more so if accompanied by his son, for the Crown Prince, according to the older inhabitants of the Isle of Wight, bears a striking resemblance to Albert the Good.

The late Field-Marshal Count Blumenthal.

Another of Germany's great warriors has passed to his rest, in the person of Count Blumenthal. The late General enjoyed a singularly brilliant career, and that, too, despite a most vexatious occurrence which might have spelt his ruin had it not been for the magnanimous course taken by the then Emperor, William I. During the war against Austria, a letter from Von Blumenthal to his wife was captured by the enemy, and, later, handed over to the German authorities. In this letter the most biting censure of not only the great Moltke but also of the then Crown Prince's plan of campaign was found. Moltke was furious at the contents of the letter, and referred the whole matter to the Commander-in-Chief, William I. He, however, with his customary tact, passed the affair over with a few words, and the incident was obliterated from his memory. The Crown Prince, too, was magnanimous enough to pay so little heed to the aspersions on his

qualities as General as to promote General von Blumenthal in 1870 to be Military Adviser to the Emperor. In 1883 he was baroneted, and in 1888 raised to the rank of Field-Marshal-General.

The Sternberg and Other Cases.

Berlin is gradually regaining her breath. The sordid case of wholesale bribery of the police, to say nothing of the original cause of the trial of the millionaire Jew, has at last been brought to a close, to the relief of the whole public. The man Sternberg has been sentenced to two years' penal servitude and to five years' loss of civil rights. He has, for once in his life, done some good, though in a curious way: he has been the unwilling cause of thorough investigation into the management of the Police Department, and radical alterations will be made immediately. Another Department, though, has been deeply struck in the last week, namely, that of the Church Funds. A man named Edward Sanden, who had for upwards of thirty years enjoyed the absolute confidence of the highest authorities as well as of the general public, has suddenly been found out to be a most thorough-paced rogue. Last week he was the Potsdam Churchwarden and Town Councillor, and had largely to do with the management of the Empress's Church Funds, and had, moreover, just been decorated with the Order of the Red Eagle; to-day he is sitting in the Moabit Prison for embezzlement and fraud. The public is furious at the revelation, for most of the losers belong to the poorer classes, and the money that is lost for ever was mostly the result of many years of hard work and thrift.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN HUNTING-COSTUME
(MUFF AND ALL).

Photo by Perscheid, Leipzig.

Good Samaritans. Just on three weeks before it appeared in any London daily, and six before it occurred (writes my Paris Correspondent), I prophesied that the new tax on Religious Orders in France would seriously affect the English-American Passionist Church in the Avenue Hoche. Sir Edmund Monson, the British Ambassador, approached M. Delcassé, and he was supported by Mr. Horace Porter, the United States Minister; but their intervention came to nothing. But I frankly ask why Christmas Eve should have been selected for the seizure? A few hundred francs had been set aside to relieve the English poor in Paris, who had counted on this to provide their Christmas dinner. I never trespass on a *confrère's* preserves, but I fancy that "Captain Coe" could tell of the good and generous acts that the jockeys of Maisons Laffite and Chantilly could record of the practical kindness of the Passionist Fathers when luck was out and health gone. What they did for the English poor in Paris, and particularly for the unfortunate English ballet-girls who were stranded by the failure of side-shows during the Exhibition year, is notorious.

Offenbach and Hervé.

The production at Olympia (says my Paris Correspondent) of the ballet of "Faust," adapted from Hervé's "Le Petit Faust," has recalled to Alphonse

Lemonnier an interesting reminiscence. Offenbach was very jealous of the increasing popularity of Hervé. Hervé had more ambition to be remembered as a singer and actor than as a composer. One night, Offenbach said to Lemonnier, "I have given Hervé a place—a minor place—in my new opera." Lemonnier said nothing, but immediately jumped into a cab and hunted out Hervé. He asked him, "Are you mad? Do you suppose that the Parisian public will stand a man who is a composer taking a second-rate place in another composer's opera?" Hervé was indignant at the suggestion that Offenbach had any second thought, and for a year would not acknowledge the salutations of Lemonnier. Then he went to him, broken-hearted, and said briefly, "You were right."

Réjane.

I have just heard, with deep regret (continues my omniscient Lutetian), that Madame Réjane is far from being well. It is now just on two years, owing to the Exhibition and contracts with foreign impresarii, since she has known what a day of rest means. Back in Paris at eight in the morning after a thirty-six hours' railway ride, she has been at rehearsal at half-past ten at the Vaudeville. It cannot be done, Madame. *Soyez raisonnable!* The case of Yvette Guilbert should be a lesson.

Rocheport's Fleet.

I have reason to believe that the fleet that Henri Rocheport is organising to go out to the Transvaal (!) will cruise for three weeks in the Lake of Geneva, in order to see

if the mast-heads leak, and will then go by means of the St. Gothard Tunnel to Wimbledon Common, where it will coal; and that Lucien Millevoye and Rochefort are arranging in order the flags that by international courtesy are admitted to mean "It would be cowardly to fire. Admiral Rochefort is suffering from sea-sickness, and was last seen trying to teach same ideas to the steward's youngest child." I give the information for what it is worth.

French "Little Red Riding Hood." Pierre Decourcelle once told me that he would never be content until such time as he had mounted a ballet that would rank with the English. He has succeeded. In his "Petit Chaperon Rouge" he has fairly challenged, and I can imagine nothing more exquisite than the Fan Ballet and the Moth Ballet at the Châtelet. As to his "L'Autre France," at the Ambigu, I can regard it only as a desperately uninteresting piece, and I wonder when M. Decourcelle will understand that there is such a thing as quiet humour, and that a man can amuse one without dancing and turning somersaults, so to speak.

Paris s'Amuse. Year by year Paris assimilates London's ideas of amusements, and this year there is a climax of lighter and simpler happiness. In addition to "Le Petit Chaperon Rouge," already referred to, and other charming entertainments suitable to the gay *Jour de l'An* period, hugely sparkling and diverting, M. Houcke has a series of astoundingly good numbers at the Nouveau Cirque. The Hippodrome takes away your breath with lions and flying horses. The Folies-Bergères has a capital ballet and many excellent turns; Olympia is interesting, but overcrowded; "La Bonne d'Enfant" is delightful at the Nouveautés; and up in Montmartre the Grand Guignol and La Boîte à Fursy are worth seeing, and "L'Enfer," "Le Ciel," and "Le Néant" should be visited by the wanderer in search of novelty.

"None but the Brave Deserve the Fair." The engagement of General "Polly" Carew to Lady Beatrice Butler is the engagement of the moment, and arouses equal interest in English and Irish Society, where Lord Ormonde's lovely daughter is naturally well known. The fortunate bridegroom-elect is a West Countryman, and



MISS FLORENCE PERRY, WHO PLAYS IN "THE THIRTY THIEVES," AT TERRY'S THEATRE. HERE AS O MIMOSA SAN IN "THE GEISHA."

Photo by Talma, Sydney.

he is almost as popular in his own part of the world as is Sir Redvers Buller, to whom he is, by the way, related, his mother having been a Miss Buller, of Morval. The famous soldier first acquired his nickname of "Polly Carew" at Eton, where he is still remembered by one or two of the older masters as one of the greatest dare-devils in the famous school. He entered the Coldstream Guards when he was twenty, and there are few officers of his age in the British Army who have seen more active-service. He went through the Afghan Campaign as a

member of Lord Roberts' Staff, and among his cherished possessions is the Kandahar medal, proving that he took part in the great march. During the Egyptian War, he had the good-fortune to be Orderly Officer to the Duke of Connaught, and it was said at the time that his bravery at Tel-el-Kebir should have won him the Victoria Cross. He has a reputation for considerable administrative ability, and he is said



LADY BEATRICE BUTLER, BETROTHED TO GENERAL POLE-CAREW, JUST HOME FROM THE WAR.

Photo by Bullingham, Harrington Road, S.W.

to have done very well when Military Secretary to Lord Roberts at the time when the Field-Marshal was Indian Commander-in-Chief. Five years ago, he was appointed to the command of the 2nd Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, but it was from India that he went out to the Cape, to serve with such distinction under Lord Methuen, and latterly under his former chief, Lord Roberts.

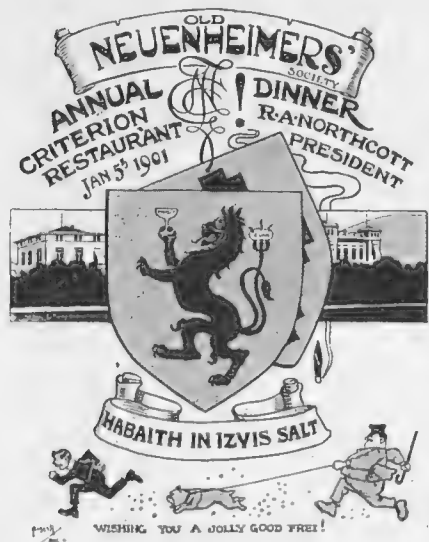
Lady Beatrice's Future Homes. General Pole-Carew—whose quaintly named country home, Antony House, Torpoint, is one of the loveliest places in the delightful West Country, was till recently regarded as a confirmed bachelor, his heir-presumptive being his brother, Mr. Charles Edward Pole-Carew, who has a very successful coffee-estate in Ceylon. The gallant soldier's pretty flat in Whitehall Court has seen many interesting bachelor gatherings, for there are few men in general and military society more popular; but, in view of his approaching marriage, General Pole-Carew is already looking out for a town-house.

The Bride-Elect. Lady Beatrice Butler is one of the two beautiful daughters of Lord and Lady Ormonde. They have both inherited the beauty for which the Butler and the Grosvenor family are famed—Lady Beatrice recalling her grandmother, the first Duchess of Westminster, while Lady Constance has the fair beauty which has become the birthright of the Ladies Butler. Lady Beatrice and Lady Constance have spent much of their youth at Kilkenny Castle, but as children they were also constantly at Eaton Hall, and even as quite young girls they accompanied their parents to Cowes, where each year Lord Ormonde, who is a prominent member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, has always taken a keen interest in yachting. General Pole-Carew's bride-elect is one of the few English girls who have had the privilege of often meeting the German Emperor and Empress. His Imperial Majesty is, indeed, said to have observed that Lady Beatrice Butler was a perfect type of the high-born English damsel. The two daughters of Lord and Lady Ormonde are naturally very popular in Kilkenny, the more so that they are both keen sportswomen—a fact that naturally endears them to their neighbours. Lady Beatrice has often helped her mother to entertain Royalty, one of the last occasions being that of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to Kilkenny Castle, the Duchess having been specially delighted with the lovely old place. It is hoped in Ireland that the wedding will take place from Kilkenny, but it is far more likely that the ceremony, which is certain to be one of the most brilliant functions of the early spring season, will be celebrated in London, where Lord and Lady Ormonde possess a very charming house in Upper Brook Street.

The two first women advocates in France since the beginning of the Middle Ages were sworn in immediately after the passage of the new law authorising women to practise in the French Courts. The occasion produced considerable excitement, and a crowd of spectators thronged the Palais de Justice.

*John Hassall Pays
Homage to
Neuenheim.*

Neuenheim College, Heidelberg, is the only scholastic institution in Germany which is conducted by Englishmen for British boys on Public School lines. It has enjoyed increasing prosperity since its foundation in 1843, and its "old boys" are now to be found in all parts of the world; and so clannish are they that in Oporto, Ceylon,



Rangoon, and Calcutta there are little colonies of them. Every January there is a big gathering of Neuenheimers in London, and at the coming dinner the Chairman will be Mr. Richard A. Northcott, a gentleman who has distinguished himself as a musical composer and a writer on musical topics. The accompanying illustration for the menu-card has been drawn by Mr. John Hassall, the clever and popular artist, who is also an "old boy." The spacious school-buildings are divided by a caricature of the College crest, and the sketch of the young Neuenheimer who has been sampling the apples in a neighbouring orchard goes to prove that English boys remain English

boys even though they may be educated in Germany. It may be added that the word "Frei" means holiday, and that the College motto, when translated, is "Have salt in yourselves." Neuenheim boys have.

*Windfalls to the
London
Missionary Society.*

Inquiries made of the solicitors to the executors of the late Robert Arthington, of Leeds, Messrs. Scatcherd, Hopkins, and Middlebrooks, have revealed the fact that, after payment of estate duty, which will amount to £75,000, there will remain close on a million for division—it is said, at least £930,000. The three sisters of Mr. Arthington predeceased him; there are no nephews or nieces, and his first-cousins include Lady Fry, of Darlington; Lady Barttelot; the Rev. W. Jowett, Rector of Stevenage, Hertfordshire; and Mrs. J. B. Hodgkin, Darlington. There are specific legacies of £3400, and personal legacies of £4121. One-tenth of the residue of the estate, or about £90,000, is to be divided between the testator's cousins. Five equal tenth-parts, or £400,000, are bequeathed to the Baptist Missionary Society of London, and the remaining four equal tenth-parts, or £320,000, to the London Missionary Society. Mr. Arthington's father at one time owned a brewery in Leeds, but gave it up from conscientious motives fifteen years before his death, in 1864. The late Mr. Arthington inherited about £200,000 of his father's wealth. His own money was made by acute speculation in canal and railway shares and kindred undertakings. None of his money was invested in breweries.

*Dr. Parker and
Mr. Sheldon as
Editors.*

Dr. Parker's week of editorial labour has been variously criticised, but there is one point in which it seems to differ from the experiment of Mr. Sheldon in editing the *Topeka Daily Capital*. The proprietors of the *Sun*, in a graceful note, thank the Minister of the City Temple for his week's work, done without fee or reward of any kind. Now, the proprietors of the *Topeka Daily Capital* tried to remunerate Mr. Sheldon for his week's labour. According to Mr. Sheldon's own story, the *Topeka* paper went up under his editorship from twelve thousand to three hundred and sixty-seven thousand a-day. An extra profit on the week's working of twenty-five thousand dollars was made. Of this amount, five thousand dollars was given to Mr. Sheldon as his share. Every cent of this he distributed for philanthropic purposes. The Indian Famine Fund got a thousand dollars. He gave another thousand to start a reformatory in Topeka, a thousand to a local hospital, and the remainder to other local purposes, including a drinking-fountain. The proprietors, finding out that Mr. Sheldon had not retained his fee, sent a thousand-dollar bill to Mrs. Sheldon, but this was promptly returned.

*Hugh Miller, the
Pioneer.*

It has never yet been pointed out either to Mr. Sheldon or Dr. Parker that an experiment of this kind was tried in Scotland in the *Witness* newspaper, a bi-weekly edited by Hugh Miller. With his powerful pen he fought the battle outside Ecclesiastical Courts for the Free Church of Scotland, and paved the way for the disruption of 1843 from the Kirk of Scotland. He felt hampered, however, by his Ecclesiastical Committee, and was too proud to accept dictation from anyone. It does not seem that at the recent Union meetings of Free and United Presbyterian Churches that Hugh Miller ever received any credit for what he did. His editing and leaders, in point of knowledge and ability, were far beyond anything reached by either Mr. Sheldon or Dr. Parker.

*"The Daisy
Chain."*

Jan. 3 at New York.

Miss Liza Lehmann, whose "Persian Garden" is so popular, has composed a cycle of songs, called "The Daisy Chain," which will be performed on The cycle will shortly be heard in London.

*Paderevski's
Opera.*

M. Paderewski's opera is to be called "Mauru," and is to be produced at Dresden early in the spring. The libretto is by M. Nossig, who is not only a Pole and a poet, but also a sculptor. He has chosen a melodramatic subject, in which the characters are Slavs and Gypsies. Mauru is the hero, and is a tenor singer and chief of a Gipsy band. He has carried off a Slav girl named Hunna, who, finding the tenor capricious, endeavours to secure his constancy by means of a love-philter; but, unlike the love-philter in Wagner's "Tristan," it fails, and Mauru is lured from Hunna by a Gipsy, Asa. Induced by Asa, the tenor strives to overthrow the Gipsy King of Asa's tribe; but Mauru is worsted in the struggle, being thrown down a precipice. The sensational libretto lends itself admirably to effective situations and exciting music. Many portions are extremely passionate, and there is no lack of melody. The orchestra is treated with genuine skill, the style being always modern, the choral portions having also great merit.

*"Cyrano" as an
Opera.*

"Cyrano de Bergerac," having won great favour as a drama, will shortly be employed as an operatic libretto. The incidents are very suitable for musical setting, and, after being heard in Paris, we shall, no doubt, have the opera in London.

*Mrs. Kendal's
Musical Side.*

Miss Maude Valerie White, who is so well known for her beautiful songs, &c., has joined Mrs. Kendal in musically illustrating a series of recitals by the popular actress, chiefly addressed to children. This pleasing series has been tried in the first instance at St. James's Hall.

Princess Aribert.

Princess Aribert, whose charming personality is but little known in this country, is, nevertheless, proud of the fact that she belongs to the comparatively small group who compose Queen Victoria's British granddaughters. Her Royal Highness was born and spent her happy girlhood near the Royal Borough, and, now that her permanent home is to be in England, she is already preparing to follow in the footsteps of her popular mother, Princess Christian.



PRINCESS ARIBERT, DAUGHTER OF PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

Princess Aribert (whose wedding I remember seeing at St. George's Chapel, Windsor) has had for one so young a sad experience of married life. It is to be hoped that her future may be brighter, for her family are exceedingly fond of her, and have welcomed her back in their midst very heartily. She is a bewitching Princess.

*The Largest
Railway Station in
Britain.*

It would appear that the Waverley Station, Edinburgh, at which London trains of the Great Northern and Midland lines arrive, is the largest, or will be when the workmen in whose hands the station has been for a number of years past have completed their contract. Liverpool Street, London, and New Street, Birmingham, are the only other British railway stations which can compare with the Waverley, grand entrance to our finest city.



A NEW CENTURY—AND MY PAVING-STONES.

BESIDES London, there is yet one other place where the streets are always up. The Gentleman in Possession, however, has long ago discarded for repairing purposes the use of macadam, asphalt, or wood-blocks—if, indeed, he ever used anything so reliable—in favour of a more elusive material known as Good Intentions. And though, as I have said, the streets in this region are always up, yet there are certain times when the work is in such active progress that the unfortunate inhabitants can only sit at home in idleness and marvel at the inexhaustible energy displayed by the quarrymen. In their time, of course, these inhabitants have done a bit of quarrying themselves, but the comfort that remembrance brings does not entirely console them for their inconvenience.

At the present moment, I believe, matters are at their worst, for there is seldom such activity at the quarries as when the Old Year has just been—or is just about to be—gathered to his fathers. Then you may see the most unlikely people rushing about with pick or axe, and the odd part of it is, that the less determined or the less capable they are, the bigger and more formidable the tasks that they set themselves to perform. And the effort results, of course, in paving-stones. It is disappointing, but what can you expect? When a weak-kneed young gentleman, devoid of skill and armed only with a silver trowel, endeavours to quarry marble for a mansion, surely he cannot be surprised at his utter failure. As a rule, he remains at the work for two days, and then goes off in a huff. Three days later, he is followed by a large number of his friends. A week more, and another batch goes, until by the

end of January the toilers may be counted by tens instead of by thousands, and almost all of the remaining few were there before the rush began.

This, my dear young lady, by way of telling you that I am busily engaged with a very large pick myself. I took off my coat, so to speak, on New Year's Eve. I knew I should do it, in spite of the fact that you never cease to accuse me of cynicism. Well, cynic or otherwise, I cannot see the Old Year lying on his death-bed, clutching at the sheets and gasping for breath, without rushing off to

the quarry and starting in with the most energetic of them.

I am bound to tell you, however, that I husband my strength. No castles or palaces for me. I made so many paving-stones that way when I was very young, that I am content, now, to try my hand at huts. I never complete a whole hut, but, at any rate, the deserted foundations do not afford very suitable material for paving-stones. They are too insignificant.

One little hovel that I am going to build some day is called "Early Rising." You would be surprised if I told you how many times the foundations have been marked out. Once, indeed, I had got the walls up so high that I was able to camp out beneath their shelter. Just at that point, unfortunately, I was seized with a slight indisposition. I consulted a Club friend of mine, a man whose pick has long since grown rusty, as to the cause of the trouble.

"The cause is obvious," he said. "It's living in that beastly hut." "Really?" I exclaimed, secretly elated. "I'll change the site and start it again."

"Rot!" he snorted. "Come back and live at the Club, and you'll be as right as rain."

I took my friend's advice—and the walls of the hut were taken away for paving-stones.

However, that was not the only job that I had on hand. I was constructing a very neat little lean-to shed which I had decided, in my own mind, should be known as "Method." Here I would keep all those articles of daily use that one so frequently mislays, such as "Answering Letters," "Paying Bills," "Time-table of Work," and so forth. Now, the hard part of it was that the lean-to shed depended for support on "Early Rising" hut, and, when they took the hut away for paving-stones, poor old "Method" came down with a crash. I hadn't thought of that contingency, you see, or I

might have hesitated before returning to live in the Club. One can't build lean-to sheds in Clubs, you know.

I think I told you a little while ago, my dear young lady, that I never tried to build palaces or castles. That is true enough, but I did once draw up plans for a fairly large mansion. It was to be called "Conventionality," and each floor or wing was to have a name of its own as well. Thus, the bottom floor would be known as "Paying Calls," and would include a large-sized card-room. Then we should get a wing called "Duty to Relations." This wing would contain one room labelled "Maiden Aunts," and another "2nd-10th Cousins" (I don't think one need count beyond ten in the matter of cousins). Up higher, there would be all sorts of tiny rooms, such as "Saying the Right Thing at the Right Time," "Laughing at Other People's Jokes," "Selecting a Wife Chosen by One's Family," and so on. The whole thing was to have been most elaborate, I can tell you. But one day, before I began to build, I submitted the plans to a dear old friend of mine—a man with one coat, no "side," and a warm heart—and he was so annoyed that I had to put the drawings in the fire before he would speak to me again.

That was my one and only attempt at building a mansion. Perhaps it is as well that I never put the work in hand, for the unfinished ruins would have made a terrible lot of paving-stones. As it is, I just go on pottering round my hovels. Some day, perhaps, I may get something completed, and in the meantime my doctor assures me that the exercise is exceedingly good for my health.

By the way, I forgot to mention that this January, in consideration of the fact that we are starting a new century as well as a new year, there is a most enormous rush on the quarries. Had I built "Conventionality" palace, I should have been in the thick of it. I am additionally glad, therefore, that the scheme fell through, for I very much dislike a crush. And I am sure that the noise of the hammering would have been deafening.

HE WAS ANNOYED.



Chicot

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY POSTERS OF THE PERIOD.



THE PANTO PUDDING AT DRURY LANE SERVED UP.



CHRISTMAS SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: JUMBO REVIVED.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Christmas and its Survivors—Forecast for the Century—Whitaker the Humorist—"Nothing Happens but the Impossible"—"Too Old at Five Hundred"—Commonwealths Made to Order.

"NINETEEN HUNDRED not out; world's record!" Christmas is over, and the fittest have survived. By the wisdom of our forefathers, the season eliminates the weaklings on the reverse system to the periodic floggings of the young in ancient Sparta, but with the same result. We little appreciate how much Hallow's Eve, Bank Holidays, and Mafeking Nights purify the race. The theory that the number of mince-pies eaten in Christmas week will be the number of future years of happiness is based on physiological data. Survival guarantees a constitution fitted to reach an abnormal age. Chastened and regenerate, we settle down after the gigantic "tick" made—at midnight on Monday—by the cog-wheels of the universe.

I shall not attempt—this modesty may seem unprofessional—to review the nineteenth century in *extenso* in the next few paragraphs. Its marvellous inventions—the company-promoter, female novel-manufacturer, "scorcher," halfpenny newspaper and prize-competition, and horse—"doper"—stamp it distinctively as the epoch of scientific progress. We have asserted our position as the pioneers of commerce by buying our engineering triumphs from America, our jockeys from the same, our toys (and nearly everything else) from Germany, our fashions from France, and our singers from the Continent generally.

Our military organisation is the amazement of Europe, our Metropolis the most "well-connected" in point of communications on earth. The world is now 5904 years old, and "going strong." But, for "latest improvements," see the various "Annuals" and "Year-Books," which, as at this time, always engross us with astronomical statistics, salaries of the Bishops, prices of dog-licences, secret histories of the Members of Parliament, lengths of principal tunnels, and regulations for confining lunatics. Nothing broadens the mind like an afternoon quietly spent over the new "Whitaker's Almanack."

Every prospect pleases. The War should end without fail this century, the Dreyfus case get fairly started, the cure for consumption be finally found, the submarine-boat invented, War Office reforms begun, and the Joint Note to the Empress of China provisionally drafted. The dismissal of undesirable characters from sport is becoming so aggressive that we may count on Dr. Grace being warned off the cricket-ground, Pedlar Palmer having his licence endorsed, Sandow being suspected of "doping" his patients, and Ranjitsinhji reproved for betting on himself.

Together with halfpenny telegraphy to Australia, Saturday to Monday trips to the moon and Mars, "Tubes" to Cape Colony and India, and increase of the average expectation of life to a thousand years, the twentieth century should see the extinction, by overcrowding, of all the wild beasts. "We are ancestors," said one of Napoleon's Generals. "We are prehistoric animals," the lion, elephant, and rhinoceros may say to-day. We ourselves are ancient Britons. A studious girl with a love for the antique is going to the next Covent Garden Ball in a historical costume as "a Lady of the Nineteenth Century."

Some of these "forecasts" may seem fanciful. Yet in the year 1800 a humour artist sketched a series of "Coming Inventions of the Nineteenth Century," the absurd impossibility of which made the cartoon immensely popular. The majority of them are a *fait accompli* to-day.

An old lady got so cold on Monday night that she declared she would never see a century in again. One can understand this nowadays. To the patriarchs the birth of a new century must have been quite a commonplace affair. "A fine century this!" would correspond to the casual remark, with us, that it was a dry summer or a cloudy night. A man would about reach his prime at three hundred and fifty, and complain if employers thought him "too old at five hundred." Juvenile parties would be given to celebrate the eldest lad's scoring his first century. A newspaper appearing every fifty years, with "extra editions" each decade, would be quite up-to-date enough. Insurance business, old-age pension schemes, and sentences to penal servitude must have been on an entirely different basis to now.

Some nations are born so, others achieve nationality, and others have nationality thrust upon them. The Australian nation—now two days old—belongs to the second class. It is "made to order," as a complimentary Frenchman lately remarked in a speech about England (meaning that she was "born to command"). The Australian Metropolis, like Washington and Madrid, will be a capital of malice aforethought, but Providence may (as it has usually done with other capitals) make a large river flow near and a network of railways converge upon it. Patriots feel some indignation at the first Premier's not having started life as shearers' cook or road-repairer at a shilling a-day. Formerly, indeed, a Cabinet Minister whose career did not begin in a convict station was regarded with suspicion. What of the next hundred years? Australia already claims to rival France with her wines and Havana with her cigars. She threatens to become so fashionable that England may soon be merely the refuge for family failures and "scallywags."

HILL ROWAN.

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

Once again
In that domain
Where the Fairy,
Light and airy,
Hops around
With blithesome bound.
With a glad refrain
Comes the Clown
Of wild renown,
Full of frolic,
Rush and rollick,
Tripping on
To cry anon—
"Here we are again!"

So, once more,
The old Clown-corps
Come before us
With this chorus,
Those quaint souls,
Old Drury's drolls—
Mathews, Flexmore, Payne.
And other some
In visions come—
Buck, Boleno,
Marsh, Lupino,
From each show,
Exclaim "Hullo!
Here we are again!"



"HIS FIRST PANTOMIME."

HARRY GARDNER (CLOWN) AND MANAGER G. B. PHILLIPS'S BABY.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

Way back one goes
To both the "Joes,"
Grimaldis grinful—
Sadly sinful—
Goose and joint,
At many a point,
Pilfering amain.
Yea, Fancy thus
Brings back to us—
To us now older
(Aye, and colder),
Jesters who
Cry out, or coo—
"Here we are again!"

Oh, little folks!
Enjoy these jokes—
Let your laughter
Shake each rafter;
Always show
To Clown and Co.
Kindness's glad strain.
Too soon (alas!)
Will come to pass
Times, when older,
You'll feel colder.
So, with cheers,
When Clown appears,
Cry, "Here he is again!"—H. CHANCE NEWTON.



ANOTHER FIN-DE-SIÈCLE HOLIDAY POSTER.

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



ALICE (MISS ELLALINE TERRISS), THE MARCH HARE (MISS KATHLEEN COURTNEY), THE DORMOUSE, AND THE MAD HATTER (MR. SEYMOUR HICKS).



ALICE AND THE RABBIT PARLIAMENT.

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



Mr. Cheesman.

Bravo, Hicks!

Miss Florence Lloyd. Miss Edaline Terriss.

FINISH OF THE FIRST ACT.



ALICE AND TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE (MR. W. CHEESMAN AND MR. MURRAY KING).

THE RETURN OF LORD ROBERTS.

From Pretoria to Pall Mall—Fifty Years a Soldier of the Queen—The First English Field-Marshal in Action since Waterloo.

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS, V.C., G.C.B. &c., who has succeeded Lord Wolseley as Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, has been

A SOLDIER OF THE QUEEN FOR FIFTY YEARS.

In connection with his appointment, it is interesting to note that he is the twenty-first occupant of the post since its establishment, in 1660, when it was held by George, Duke of Albemarle.

When, in the dark days of December 1899, the heart of the Empire was heavy with the shock of the reverses sustained by our arms at Stormberg, Magersfontein, and Colenso, the action of the Committee of National Defence in appointing Lord Roberts to the supreme command of the British forces in South Africa was hailed with joyful acclamation. It was confidently anticipated that, under his direction, our splendid troops would prove more than

A MATCH FOR MR. KRUGER'S BURGIERS.

That this confidence was not misplaced has been amply demonstrated by

master-mind of Lord Roberts that was due the planning of the various operations by which the raising of the siege was finally effected.

This was on Feb. 15. At daybreak on the following morning, a Mounted Infantry patrol reported to Lord Kitchener (the senior officer on the Modder at the moment) that the enemy, under Cronjé, were in full retreat. A pursuit was instantly determined upon, and the Boer leader brought to bay at Paardeberg Drift. Here, so excellent was the position he took up that he was enabled to make a stand for ten days, although during the whole of this period he was exposed to a most galling fire. Lord Roberts, who in the meantime had arrived on the ground from Jacobsdal and taken over the command, did his utmost to induce Cronjé to surrender without unnecessary bloodshed. In the end, his efforts were successful, and at dawn on the morning of the 27th the entire force, numbering some four thousand men, laid down their arms in token of submission.

After the Battle of Paardeberg, the next triumph that fell to the Field-Marshal's splendid generalship was the

OCCUPATION OF BLOEMFONTEIN

on March 13. This was effected with remarkably little fighting, for Lord Roberts had so impressed the inhabitants with the capabilities of the troops he was leading against them that they persuaded a Boer commando in the neighbourhood not to oppose the British advance, and



THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM AT OSBORNE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HUGHES AND MULLINS, RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

the progress of hostilities during the eleven months in which he assumed their conduct.

Accompanied by Lord Kitchener—the victor of Omdurman and the redoubtable conqueror of the Soudan—"Bobs" landed at Cape Town on Jan. 10, 1900. Here his first action was characteristic, for, unlike certain Imperial officers who had preceded him to the scene of hostilities, he paid the Colonial authorities the compliment of consulting them in connection with the further conduct of the campaign.

Like the skilful strategist he had ever shown himself to be, "Bobs" remained at the base of operations quietly maturing his plans until the arrival of the moment when he felt that he could strike with effect. On Feb. 6—barely a month after his arrival in South Africa—deeming all in readiness, he commenced his memorable advance into the country that was then known as the Orange Free State. So well had his plans been laid, and so promptly were they carried out, that when, some three days later, he suddenly appeared on the banks of the Modder River, his arrival there came as a complete surprise to everyone.

The pressing need at this particular date was the relieving of Kimberley. Towards the accomplishing of this object, accordingly, the advance of the Cavalry Division of the troops on the Modder was continued. Although the officer who actually led the succouring column into the beleaguered town was General French, it was to the

surrendered the town of their own free-will. Thus was concluded the first stage in the War since its direction had been assumed by the gallant "Bobs." Although at this date he had been in the field for only two months, he had, nevertheless, contrived in this short space of time to effect the relief of Kimberley, to secure the surrender of Cronjé and four thousand of the enemy, with a large number of guns, and, finally, to raise the British Flag over the capital of the Free State.

From Bloemfontein, Lord Roberts, after collecting necessary reinforcements and supplies, pushed on to the Transvaal. Crossing the boundary-line on May 27, he entered Johannesburg on the last day of the month. Five days later, he put the crowning triumph to his work by leading the men who had followed him so splendidly into Pretoria.

With the Union Jack flying over the seat of the Transvaal Government, President Kruger in flight to the coast, and the Free State no longer in existence, the back of this sternly waged War was now practically broken. At the same time, that the enemy were by no means completely vanquished was soon proved by the numerous encounters that now took place between our troops and small Boer commandoes in various parts of the country. So far as Lord Roberts, however, was concerned, his own work was concluded at the end of last month, when his appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the British Army recalled him to England.



OSBORNE HOUSE, WHERE HER MAJESTY WILL WELCOME HOME LORD ROBERTS: THE QUEEN'S DINING-ROOM.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE QUEEN'S DINING-ROOM, IN WHICH LORD ROBERTS WILL BE HOSPITABLY ENTERTAINED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES THE DAY HE ARRIVES IN LONDON.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS THE WHOLE COPYRIGHT OF H. N. KING, LONDON.

NOTES ON LORD ROBERTS.

LORD ROBERTS' IRISH HOME.

NEWTOWN HOUSE, the Irish home of the Commander-in-Chief, has been in the possession of the Roberts family for a hundred and fifty years, the first Roberts to take up his dwelling there having been Lord Roberts' great-grandfather. There is nothing very picturesque or striking about the house, which, oddly enough, began by being an Ursuline Convent, the first religious house of the kind established in that part of Ireland. It is within a very short walk of Waterford, and is on the south side of the river.

KABUL AND SOMERSETSHIRE!

Although Mrs. Roberts, as she then was, was obliged to come back to England with her young children, she ever kept in very close touch with her gallant husband; and it is a touching fact that Major-General Roberts received his last communication from the camp at Kabul, when starting on the fateful march to Kandahar, in the shape of a telegram from his wife, then living in a tiny Somersetshire village. Mrs. Roberts' brave message was not of an entirely personal nature, for it wished not only the Commander, but all his gallant force, God-speed. Terrible must have been the waiting for news of the little army which had, as it were, disappeared; and something like a month went by before the triumphant word went forth that Ayooob had been finally disposed of.

HIS ENERGY AND PERSEVERANCE.

Lord Roberts is one of those men who consider that genius is only the capacity for taking pains. In 1856 he was offered an important post in Kashmir, but, when it became known that he knew next to nothing of Hindostani, the offer was withdrawn. Seeking out his chief, he inquired whether, if he passed the next examination in this most difficult language, the first post vacant of the same kind would be offered him. He was told that this would, of course, be so, but warned that no Englishman could master Hindostani under at least a year. Young Roberts said nothing, but, procuring the best teacher in his power, he set to work with a will, and in two months passed the examination. Since those far-off days he has become a real Hindostani scholar, and he is also familiar with many of the native dialects.

LORD ROBERTS AND THE NUMBER THIRTEEN.

Thirteen is Lord Roberts' lucky number, and, unlike most people, he positively prefers to sit down thirteen to table, being himself fond of telling the story of how, on the New Year's Day of 1853, he and twelve



GENERAL SIR ABRAHAM ROBERTS, G.C.B., FATHER OF "BOBS."

From an Old Print.

of his friends dined together, and how the whole thirteen of them survived the Mutiny, though three of the number were destined to receive the Victoria Cross for exceptional valour!

LORD ROBERTS AND POPULAR SUPERSTITION.

Yet another popular superstition at which Lord Roberts rightly scoffs is that which declares May marriages to be unfortunate. His

wedding-day, "the happiest day of my life," was May 17, 1859, the ceremony taking place in the quaint and simple little Parish Church of Waterford.

HIS NARROW ESCAPES IN WAR.

Lord Roberts has had many a narrow escape, none more extraordinary and providential than that which almost cut his career short when he



THE LATE LADY ROBERTS, MOTHER OF "BOBS."

Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly

was in the very act of winning the Victoria Cross. Two Sepoys were making off with a British standard, when the young Lieutenant, as he then was, rushed after them and, single-handed, attacked them. Clutching the colours, he cut down the bearer with one clean stroke of his sabre: but the other Sepoy, naturally wishing to save his comrade, deliberately put his musket to Roberts' temple and fired. The musket, probably one of the old Brown Bess type, missed fire. On another and more peaceful occasion, young Roberts was out pig-sticking, when the boar attacked him at close quarters, and his life was saved only by the cool-headed bravery of one of his friends, who cleverly stuck the boar before it could do any real harm.

A HONEYMOON VICTORIA CROSS.

When, quite recently, Sir John Milbanke was called away from his honeymoon to receive the Victoria Cross from the hands of the Queen, it was observed that the fact was probably unique. The same pleasant fate, however, befell the Commander-in-Chief, for he was on his wedding tour when, at a little Scottish inn, he found the letter awaiting him commanding his presence at Buckingham Palace. Accordingly, bride and bridegroom hastened back to London, and little could Captain Roberts, as he then was, have thought that this interview with his revered Sovereign was only the first of many. The Queen, on her side, vividly recollects the bestowal of these Mutiny Crosses, among the first, it will be remembered, given after the institution of the Order.

LORD ROBERTS' LOVE OF ANNIVERSARIES.

The present Commander-in-Chief has always had a fancy for the keeping of certain anniversaries, and it was no mere accident that the day of his embarkation for South Africa was the anniversary of one of his greatest victories, for just twenty years previously—that is, Dec. 23, 1879—he met and repulsed the great Afghan attack at Kabul, following up his success with a vigorous counter-attack, which finally broke up the Afghan Army. Again and again in his life he has spent both his birthday and the anniversary of his wedding-day in hard fighting.

"BOBS" AND THE PUSSIES.

Lord Roberts is known to have a perfect horror of cats; his feeling about poor, harmless pussy is instinctive, and can neither be reasoned with nor overcome—indeed, it was actually suggested early in the South African campaign that the Dutch should make a point of always setting

cats loose wherever the veteran Commander was likely to be. Still, it may be noted that Lord Roberts will never suffer any cat in his vicinity to be cruelly destroyed. He has always been a warm and consistent supporter of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and he has often impressed both on the younger officers round him and on his soldiers, native and British, that a soldier cannot make a greater

and very significant possession of Lord Roberts', and one which he does not show to all his visitors, is an Afghan caricature showing the Ameer riding proudly along, with a British officer, in the costume of 1850, cowering at his stirrup.

"BOBS" AS A LITERARY MAN.

Lord Roberts has always been fond of writing. When he settled himself down to what he supposed would be the evening of his days, he published an interesting volume, entitled "The Rise of Wellington," and it was followed, after an interval, by his really remarkable record, "Forty-One Years in India." But, long before writing "Forty-One Years in India," Lord Roberts had already contributed to periodical literature, and all English soldiers are familiar with his "Bengal Route-Book" and his clever circular memorandum on "Intelligence and Topography." It is said that he has been offered fifty thousand pounds for a narrative giving his experiences during the South African Campaign, and there is no doubt such a book would be read with eager avidity not only in this country, but also in the Colonies and in America.

LORD ROBERTS AND "TOMMY."

Kipling, when singing of "Bobs," only voiced the feeling of the British Army. Tommy Atkins is quick to recognise his true friends, and the present Commander-in-Chief has endeared himself to the British soldier by many small, and some people may think insignificant, acts of kindness. It is not too much to say that, in times of peace, he is constantly thinking of how he can improve the moral and material condition of the fighting-man; and it is certainly believed all through the Army that the majority of improvements which have taken place in the actual condition of the soldier both at home and abroad were due to the initiative and energy of Lord Roberts.

LORD ROBERTS AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.

There is something peculiarly fitting in the fact that Lord Roberts should be welcomed to London by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The Commander-in-Chief has a right to style himself quite an old friend of our future King, for just twenty-five years have passed by since he acted as Quartermaster-General during His Royal Highness's historic visit to India. At that time, General Roberts had not yet



AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF LORD ROBERTS.

mistake than to neglect or overwork his charger. He is very fond of dogs, and for years he was constantly seen with a greyhound.

A FAITHFUL FOUR-FOOTED FRIEND.

Lord Roberts' Arab charger, "Volonel," deserved to take rank with the famous chargers of the world, and there is something pathetic in the thought that the famous white horse died before his master's last feat of arms, and so was not present to bear him on his triumphal march into Pretoria. "Volonel" has been rightly styled the "modern Bucephalus," and it might be said of him, as was said of the Duke of Wellington's favourite charger, "Copenhagen," "Many faster, no doubt, many handsomer, but for bottom and endurance he had no fellow." "Volonel" was bought by Lord Roberts in 1877. He was of pure Nejdi breed, a stock famed for its endurance, and for his achievements in the Afghan Campaign—for the gallant steed also, and, perhaps, in a more real sense than his master, took part in the famous march to Kandahar—he received the medal and a star, always worn by him thereafter on great occasions. "Volonel" took part in many historic pageants, his glory culminating on Diamond Jubilee Day.

Lord Roberts was for many years one of the best horsemen in the British Army, a fact significantly noted by Kipling, who, in his famous poem concerning the General, observed—

If it kicks, or bucks, or rears,
He could sit for twenty years
With a smile round both his ears.

A NOTABLE SOUVENIR OF OMDURMAN.

One of Lord Roberts' most cherished possessions is an empty rifle-cartridge found on the field at Omdurman, and which, mounted in gold, was converted into a pencil-case by order of the finder, Mr. René Bull. Lord Roberts is naturally interested in all military operations, not only those in which he himself has taken part, but he is said to have interesting and original views concerning the conduct of all the great campaigns, from those of Cæsar to those conducted by Napoleon.

OTHER PERSONAL POSSESSIONS OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Lord Roberts has many interesting and extraordinary memorials of his long and adventurous life, and it is characteristic both of the man and of the soldier that in his various homes, notably in that last occupied by him—namely, Kilmainham Hospital, Dublin—have always been prominent many more trophies connected with sport than those which would naturally be looked for in a great soldier's home. An interesting



AN INDIAN PHOTOGRAPH OF LORD ROBERTS.

Taken by Bourne and Shephard, Simla.

performed the feat which was to make him world-famous, but he was, of course, one of the most distinguished soldiers of the Empire, and he and the Prince of Wales laid the foundation of a firm friendship which the Commander-in-Chief's recent achievements have naturally greatly increased. And here it may be noted that the Prince of Wales's telegram of congratulation was one of the very first which reached General Roberts on the completion of his wonderful march.



THE EX-COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN IRELAND AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS AND GENERAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.



FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS, V.C., Etc.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

THE NEW YEAR IN PARIS.

FROM the monumental entrance in the Place de la Concorde to the Rue de Paris, across the Pont Alexandre up to the Trocadéro, and then back by the Rue des Nations, I strolled the other morning, and at every footstep the fact was evident that

THE OLD CENTURY WAS REALLY DEAD.

and that every gaiety and touch of brightness and light that were consecrated to its closing hours were in deep and dishevelled mourning. It is the saddest spectacle I have ever seen. The roads and pathways are perfect holocausts of mud; in the palaces that rang with music and mirth, and which glittered with all that the entire world knew as its most beautiful, there are the savage signs of decay and ruin.

THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS

were symbolical of the passing century. In its eight months of existence it experienced all the vicissitudes of an Empire. It had its woes and its troubles, its hours of glory and bright light, and enemies where it looked for friends, and found friends in its most pitiless enemies. Just as it was the apotheosis of the century, so it now stands as its tombstone. But

everyone is on his feet, and there is one cry of "Noël, Noël, l'heure solennelle, Chrétiens!"; and, after a pause of a few seconds, there is the noise of a pom-pom as champagne is opened in every direction. It is typical of a nation that takes life under the impression that there will be a to-morrow after to-morrow, barring accidents.

In regard to plum-puddings. It came to me, the other day, as approaching to a national calamity, when I was assured that the

FINEST PLUM-PUDDINGS IN THE WORLD.

and the most sought after by higher-class London restaurants, were made in Bordeaux. My informant, one of the biggest dealers in Paris—explained that the Bordelais had the advantage over their English rivals on account of the cheapness of the refuse of the wine-crop. He explained that the ingredients were thrown into vats and allowed to ferment, and that one slice of a Bordeaux pudding carried more conviction with it than half-a-dozen slices of its English father. He was, I may add, loyal enough to admit that the art of making the pudding was learned by the Bordelais during the occupation of the British, far back.

I am surprised to see that there is really no "Article de Paris" this season. By that, I mean none at the price of a few pence which is assured of an immediate vogue. One of the cleverest and most



"If ye please, Sorr, how many miles is ut to Greenock from here?"
 "About twelve mile. Wha do ye want tae see there?"
 "Be me sowl, an' shure it's mesilf I want to see there!"

Paris rights herself quickly, the Great Fair is almost forgotten, and, once back from the deserted avenues, there is the old mad, merry gaiety, and back you come from this graveyard of reminiscences into the glare of electric-light, and into the realms of expectant children, standing before the toy-shops and pulling their parents—who seem to hesitate whether New Year's Day looms or glooms ahead—from baraque to baraque on the boulevards, and throwing out pertinent suggestions.

CHRISTMAS IN PARIS

is one of the happiest periods in the year—if you have friends—and a very sad time without them. There is something aggressive in the gaiety of the Parisian on Christmas Eve; and, be it said, that is all you see of their ideas of happiness, for they never show sign of life on Christmas Day itself. And even that is excusable, for the morn is many hours old when the restaurants close, and that Christmas should be ushered in with "boudin"—otherwise black-puddings—swallowed to the rhythmical fizzing of champagne, is a tradition even among the very poorest, who drink tisane and imagine that, because it sparkles, it is a member of the Reims family. As midnight strikes,

complicated deals with the Boer War, and whenever it is displayed attracts crowds. It represents Lord Roberts fighting a Boer. At a given moment, their legs become locked, and at this moment Kruger is wheeled out, and, seizing Lord Roberts by the scruff of the neck, shakes him to pieces. Happy conception! Boer battle-scenes are also popular in mechanical toys, but I cannot help making the reservation that I saw those identical scenes in regard to the Madagascar Campaign, when the defeated Englishmen of to-day were the gallant stormers of Tananarivu, and the Boers were the unfortunate Malagasies; but in these days of advanced science one never knows what may happen. As to dollies, I pass them over. They have ceased to be toys, and would require a separate nursery in any well-conducted household, and none but a lady fashion-writer could do justice to their dresses. I saw one that had stored away a phonograph and sang songs just as did those that

PRESIDENT FÉLIX FAURE TOOK TO RUSSIA.

on his visit to the Czar, for the little Princess Olga. The prices demanded are an ordinary man's year's income, and a bitter pill would have to be swallowed if the youngster wanted to see the wheels go round

SOME BEAUTIFUL NEW YEAR CARDS FROM PARIS.

From Photographs by Reutlinger, Paris.



MDLLE. CARMEN ROCCA (FOLIES-BERGERES).



MDLLE. MÉGARD.



MDLLE. JUNIORI (FOLIES-BERGÈRES).



MDLLE. MARCELLE DULAC.



MISS MARGARET HALSTAN,
WHO PLAYS MRS. TOMMIE BISTERN TO ADMIRATION IN "THE WISDOM OF THE WISE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



"LEST THEY FORGET!"

"MERCI!": PARIS TO THE CITY OF LONDON, 1871.

In a recent issue of "The Sketch" there appeared a paragraph, entitled "Lest They Forget," which showed how, in February 1871, M. Jules Favre telegraphed to the Lord Mayor of London to acknowledge the re-victualling of Paris by London. "The City of Paris," he said, "expresses to the City of London its profound gratitude. . . . The citizens of Paris will never forget the circumstance." In connection with "The Sketch" paragraph, a correspondent has kindly sent the above photograph of a fine picture which aptly illustrates the circumstance. My correspondent says: "In 1871, a Monsieur P. A. Huas, a French painter, painted a picture representing France thanking England for her gifts. The picture contains portraits of the then leading men of the City of London and France. Mr. Crompton, of the firm of Copestake, Crompton, is, I think, the leading figure on England's side. M. Huas wanted to sell his picture to the City of London Corporation, and I introduced him to the then Lord Mayor. The sale did not take place, I believe, as the price asked was too high, and, if I remember correctly, the picture went back to Paris. For the trouble I took in the matter, M. Huas presented me with this fine photograph of the picture."

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A STRANGE RESOLVE.

BY EDWARD F. SPENCE.



"RAT-TAT" on the door of No. 10, Old Square, that bore five names painted in white letters, the highest of which was "Mr. George Mannering."

"Papers for Mr. Mannering," said a stately, well-dressed clerk.

"Very sorry, sir; can't take them. We've given up our practice," replied a prosperous-looking, middle-aged, middle-class man.

"Given up your practice?" exclaimed in horror Messrs. Freshfield's clerk.

"Yes, sir; given it up entirely. We've taken a cottage in the country, and we spend our time fishing and writing books and letting fat briefs go to—Mr. Harrison in our Chambers is a very clever young man, and well looked on in the Courts, and he has very much Mr. Mannering's style."

"Given up a practice worth nearly ten thousand a-year?"

"Quite that, sir."

"To go fishing and writing books? That's annoying!"

"Annoying! It's worse; it's damnable; it's broke my heart! We were dead sure for a Judgeship at least, and now I've dropped a hundred yards slump; and oh! my fees, though he did behave very handsomely, and Mr. Harrison in our Chambers is a remarkably brilliant young man. Yes, sir, everyone is talking about it."

Everyone was talking about the sudden retirement from the Bar of Mr. Mannering, one of the youngest and most successful of the Chancery Specials. There were paragraphs in the legal papers professing bewilderment, and paragraphs in the social papers professing knowledge. At last, something like the truth crawled out, for Mrs. Mannering told it to her bosom-friend as a sacred secret, and the bosom-friend repeated it in like manner to her own bosom-friend, and so on, till fifty people knew it under a vow of secrecy, and the rest of the world knew it without any vow at all. Some called him a brute, others a wise man; some blamed her, others condemned him; but the fact remains that Mr. Mannering refuses to take briefs, has sold his town-house, horses and carriages, and is living quietly in the country, trying to catch fish and endeavouring to write a novel. This is how and why it happened—

One evening, at the beginning of August, John Mannering reached home at 7.30, dead-dog tired. When he asked the footman where his mistress was, there came an answer, in tones of quiet contempt for the master who seemed little more than lodger in his own house, that she was dressing for dinner, which would be served in a quarter-of-an-hour. Mr. Mannering hastened upstairs, paused for a moment outside his wife's room, then went hastily into his own and dressed hurriedly and clumsily. The gong sounded whilst he was struggling with his necktie, and when he reached the dining-room he found Mrs. Mannering eating her soup. He advanced towards her, saying, "Good-evening, dear!"; but she waved him off sharply.

"Late again! And I wanted dinner over early, as I am going to Lady Hemmingway's to-night."

"But you won't be going to her for hours," he replied.

"Yes," she answered; "but I'm not half dressed; that brute Lichtenwitz hasn't been yet for my hair. There's an awful run on him, and—"

Mr. Mannering gazed at his wife, who looked superb. Her tea-gown of old embroidered Chinese crepon, largely décolletée, showed her magnificent bust, and her russet hair, loosely coiled on her stately head, and held by a few big tortoiseshell pins, was gorgeous. She was a really beautiful creature, with a strong, selfish face, in which only the very acute eye could detect the signs of bad breeding. Mechanically he turned and looked at himself in the glass, and he saw what, to his weakened eyes, seemed the face of an old man. Yet the keen observer might have discovered that it was work rather than age that had dulled the beauty of a finely cut face and a head rich in promise of intelligence and strength.

"I'm sorry that I and the coiffeur are late—or should I say, the coiffeur and I?—but I was kept over a heavy piece of business, an Appeal motion that oughtn't to have been in the paper till Monday, but is to be taken to-morrow for the entertainment of the humorists in the Associate's Office!"

"Bother business!" she said harshly. "It's always business, business, business, with you!"

"Yes," he replied, with a nervous laugh; "business, business, with me, and cheque, cheque, cheque for you!"

She flushed a little, and laughed uneasily. During the rest of the dinner, Mrs. Mannering chattered about what she had done and was going to do, and, when the sweets were over, rose and, without apology, swept out of the room. A few minutes later, he walked to his study, followed by the butler with the coffee, after drinking a great quantity of which the barrister gave orders that he should be called in an hour, and went to sleep. Sixty-five minutes later, he was sitting hard at work, in a torn velvet jacket, his collar and necktie lying on the table. At ten o'clock, Mrs. Mannering marched into the room, the rather dingy

little room, mainly furnished by law-books on the one side, and a disorderly arrangement of fishing-rods and reels and tackle-boxes on the other. Not in England, nor Vienna, nor America could one have found a handsomer creature than Mrs. Mannering in her latest gown, though an artist would have complained that her hair was dressed in a fashion rather too tight and harshly symmetrical. She seemed in a very good humour.

"I've time to spare," she said, "so put down those fusty old papers and let's gossip." She sat down close by him; he tried to take hold of her, but she shrank away, saying, "Take care, or you'll crumple my frock."

"Why, it's weeks," he answered, "since you've so much as touched me even with your little finger willingly."

"You silly, sentimental boy!"; and she put her gloved hand on his, and watched the colour creep into his face.

"Now, be a good boy—I want to talk about the Vacation—and don't interrupt me. Now, to begin with, we go for a month to Homburg, then we pop over to the Paris Exhibition—it's an unfashionable time, but half-a-dozen of us have arranged to go over then—and we wind up the Vacation at Topham."

"But," he said, "my fishing? You know, I've nearly arranged a fishing for the first fortnight, and you can't go to Homburg alone."

"Well, you don't expect me to do anything so silly as to bury myself in Scotland for a fortnight with you, so you'll have to come with me."

"But I haven't fished for a year, and it's luck to get that bit of fishing, and it's only for a fortnight."

"Oh, you're very selfish! You know I want to be at Homburg. It's almost certain the Prince will be there, and I shall get introduced to him."

"Why do you want to get introduced to the Prince? His set will cold-shoulder a beauty like you. You know I've set my heart upon that fishing. I work like a nigger three-quarters of the year—at least, not like a nigger, for no nigger ever worked half as hard as a Chancery Special in big practice—and I ask only two weeks of 'the Long' for myself: two weeks in fifty-two for my great hobby, and you grudge that!"

"Well, I shall go without you!" she replied.

"That you certainly cannot do. I will not allow it!"

"You're putting it pretty high!" she said sharply.

"Aren't you playing it a little low?" he replied.

"I might just as well have never been married."

"I'm sorry you say that, and it's a little difficult to—"

He paused, for it was in his mind to say that the remark came badly from the daughter of an almost penniless, plebeian accountant who had married a man making ten thousand a-year.

"And why," he added, "do you want me to go to Topham to finish the Vacation? It's a dull hole."

"Oh! that's a little surprise, you see. I've been talking it over with some friends, and we think you ought to contest the seat and go into Parliament."

He jumped.

"Go into Parliament? What on earth for? Besides, the extra work would kill me."

"Well, you see, they all say you might get something big if you went into Parliament and served the Party."

"I might get a Judgeship," he said; "but, if I am to get a Judgeship, I want to do it cleanly. The idea of professing to serve my country as a politician because I hope to be made a Judge for services rendered to the Party and not to my country is not in my line. Besides, a Judgeship wouldn't be in yours; it would knock off half our income."

"Oh, you're too squeamish!" she said tartly. "Better men than you do it. Besides, with your brains and position, you might hope for something better than an ordinary Judgeship, and even that, you know, would make me 'Lady Mannering.'"

"Have you thought of the work? I'm not a strong man, and I'm a slow worker, and at present my doctor is amazed that I can work as I do without breaking up. Six months' work in Parliament, if I did my duty, would break me up, and that would be no gain to you."

She shrugged her shoulders—her beautiful, beautiful shoulders.

"I don't suppose a little more or less will make a difference; and you needn't bother about the work in Parliament—most lawyers don't, when they are in."

Mrs. Mannering's lovely face showed signs of vexation at his obstinacy, and into his came a curious, grim look.

"I shall not go into Parliament, my dear. My life is not very agreeable: at least, it shall be quite honourable."

She jumped up, looking indignant.

"Who asked you to do anything dishonourable? I merely asked you to do what the others do. Who are you to set yourself up as knowing better than I?"

"I am a gentleman of family," he said gravely, "and—"

Then he paused, and she guessed that he refrained from saying that her father was a plebeian and she had had poor breeding.

"Well, my quarter-of-an-hour is up, and I mean you to come with me as soon as the Courts rise to Homburg, and I mean you to stand for Parliament, so there!" Then she softened her voice, "I'm sure you would make a brilliant figure in Parliament—you speak so well."



"Let me tell you, Sir, I am a great traveller!"

"M'yes? I notice that your mind wanders a good deal!"

"Nonsense!" he replied. "You don't expect a Chancery Special to be able to make speeches. Now, sit down, my dear"—she moved towards the door; he got up quickly and came between—"sit down, my dear; we are going to talk. Why did you marry me?"

"Because I—well, I suppose, because I liked you."

"You told me you loved me."

She laughed. "You forget you were a big catch."

"It was only afterwards I heard of your year's engagement to another man, broken off when I came on the scene! Have you grown to love me?"

"As much, I suppose, as most fashionable women love their husbands."

"You know I loved you intensely once. I believed, till after our honeymoon, that you loved me, and, when I found you didn't, I tried with all my might to make you love me. I suppose no woman could love 'Old Parchment'!"

She started, and blushed.

"Oh, yes! A dear friend of yours told me that that's the nickname you have given me."

"At least," she interrupted sharply, "I have remained faithful to you, and that's more than some women can say who have married rich men."

"Faithful to me!" he said bitterly. "In a poor sense of the term. You care for no one else, and no one else would give you what I do. You're too hard-hearted to risk the loss of everything. But for two years and three-quarters out of three you've made our marriage a farce and a tragedy. I hardly speak of marriage from the Church point of view, though I did long for a child. Not content with banishing that hope, you have made me a machine, a mere money-making machine, and now you think you can drive me a bit harder, and get a little more out of the machine."

She rose sharply.

"I shall not sit here to listen to any more of this! You're a coward to try to bully me."

"You sold yourself to me, though I did not know the nature of the bargain, and you've cheated me, and yet I have remained patient, till——"

"I'll you behave like a cad! I hate you, and I'll listen to you no longer!"

"I'm afraid you must listen."

"I shan't. Let me pass——" She moved forward, but saw that he intended to keep the door closed.

"Oh, I'm not going to have a vulgar fight—no doubt, you're stronger than I am, and can bully me that way, just as you bully me with your money and your family. I'm sick of it all, sick of you and your ugly face!"

"You don't see much of my ugly face."

"Not much, but too much. Why, I'd sooner have half the money to spend, and never see it again."

His face did grow ugly, for a hard, sullen look came over it, and his lips became white with passion. "Very well, you shall have half my income and never see my ugly face again."

"You mean," she said eagerly, "that we'll separate and you'll let me have half your income?"

"Yes," he replied grimly. "Do you agree?"

"There's my hand on it."

He took her gloved hand and held it firmly.

"It's a bargain. Now, listen. You cheated me into marriage and—well, never mind that. You shall have half my income, yet you will only have three hundred a-year to live on, and your tradesmen will be warned not to give you credit."

"Oh, oh!" she said, with a laugh; "the law will make you liable for my debts to a fair proportion of your income, and what are three hundred a-year to ten thousand?"

"I'm much obliged for your lesson in law. Of course, we Chancery men don't know much about Common Law; but I've no ambition, since I have no real wife to glory in it, and no child to benefit by fortune or by fame if I won them. So, you see, I'm not going to work any more."

"It's no good your threatening," she said. "I'm not a coward."

"I'm not threatening. I'm telling you what I'm going to do. I don't offer you any *locus penitentiae*. I shouldn't believe in any promise of reform; the thing is done."

"But I can force you to pay me, one way or another, a fair share of your income, and you've agreed to half."

"You shall have it, my dear. I have enough invested to bring in six hundred a-year; the sale of this house and things in it will pay your outstanding bills, and all your tradesmen will be warned to give you no further credit. I'm going to give up my practice at the Bar entirely, take a little cottage by some river in the country, where I shall fish, do a little rough shooting, and try to gratify my old ambition to write something that will live. The law can't compel me to work, so long as I keep you and myself out of the workhouse. Three hundred pounds a-year will keep you off the parish, and three hundred pounds will make me comfortable in the country; and when I die, my dear, I shall leave you without a farthing, for all my money will go to the 'Barristers' Benevolent Fund.' Your father was a fool to ask for no settlement. When I'm dead, no one will be liable to keep you out of the workhouse, unless you find another fool."

The face of Mrs. Mannering, the wonderfully chiselled face worshipped by all the sculptors of London, grew as white as the marble in which they wished to record it.

"You don't mean it!" she said. "Oh, George, how could you be so cruel!"

"It's no use—the thing's done. You can crawl back to your father; he'll welcome you when you have three hundred pounds a-year, and I'll always keep a room for you in my cottage—the law really demands that; but I've done with you, and the affair is settled."

He rose and rang the bell.

"Call the brougham," he said to the butler, "and kindly bear in mind that you have a month's notice, as I am selling this place; and tell the other servants—I don't know the names of them all—tell them all to take a month's notice. Good-night, Mrs. Mannering," he continued gravely, and, walking to the wall, took from a tin box some cobbler's wax and thread, and began to bind a ring on a rod.

"I don't suppose, after this," he murmured to himself, "I shall be able to afford to buy split-cane rods, unless they're American."

Mrs. Mannering walked out of the room with an expression of woe, rage, and bewilderment on her beautiful, beautiful face.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

I HEAR that the recent re-issue of the volumes of *Punch* was a great success. It has been suggested that the speedy withdrawal of the offer argued a comparative failure, but, as a matter of fact, I believe the available volumes were almost immediately disposed of, and that a new edition is being prepared as rapidly as possible.

It is rumoured that a well-known author who has occupied an important position as literary adviser is about to start in business as a publisher on his own account.

The great Jewish Encyclopædia which Messrs. Funk and Wagnall have had in preparation for many years is now complete. It is having a large sale in America, and, I understand, is to be offered on special terms in this country.

Messrs. Harper Brothers have entered into an arrangement with Mark Twain by which they secure for their magazines the exclusive serial rights of anything he may write in future. Messrs. Chatto and Windus, of course, continue to publish for him in this country.

Mr. Morley Roberts has written a novel of the War, which he has called "The Fugitives."

The question of right to the title of *Boys of the Empire*, under which name two papers are now being published, is to be fought out in the Law Courts. The case will be watched with great interest by newspaper editors and proprietors, for it should settle a good many troublesome questions.

Did Mrs. Humphry Ward find the suggestion of Manisty, the hero of "Eleanor," in the character, career, and even personal appearance, of Swift? An ingenious correspondent to an American literary paper points to many curious resemblances between the two. Manisty, like Swift, was a picturesque, ungainly figure, with a magnificent head but awkward deportment. The views on religion of the two men are much alike, and their ideas concerning matrimony are in many ways similar. Lucy and Eleanor, says this writer, distinctly suggest Stella and Vanessa, and "Manisty, like the Dean, accepts much at least from one of the two women who are bound up in his life, and returns scant measure for the abundance of love and devotion poured out for him." Here is, at any rate, a curious case of coincidence, and perhaps more.

Mr. Hall Caine is leaving England immediately for Rome, where he will put the finishing touches to his novel, "The Eternal City."

Mr. Albert Kinross, the author of that clever story, "An Opera and Lady Grasmere," has completed a novel upon which he has been at work for several years. It is entitled "Philbrick Howell," and will be published by Mr. Arrowsmith. Mr. Kinross's initials will be familiar, I fancy, to readers of the *Outlook*.

The last rumour in connection with "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters" is that they are the work of the lady who writes as "George Egerton." As she is at present in Scandinavia, she is unable to deny this statement for some days, so, of course, it will gain wide currency. I understand that the first edition of the book was two thousand copies, and that Mr. Murray has orders in hand for some four thousand more.

Mr. Hugh Chisholm is now the Acting Editor of the Supplement of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." It is said that this Supplement will extend to at least six volumes.

O. O.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.

THEATRE GOSSIP.

THE NEW YEAR'S PRODUCTIONS.

NOW that the pantomimes and other Christmas shows are in full swing, it may be as well to give *Sketch* readers some idea of the new theatrical productions which they may expect to see early in the New Century. In addition, then, to Messrs. W. H. Risque and Edward Jones's new musical extravaganza, "The Thirty Thieves," which Mr. E. H. Bull (of the Grand Theatre, Wolverhampton) was about to produce at Terry's as we went to press, the following pieces may be looked for very soon: (1) Mr. George Lederer's production of the newest American success, "The Belle of Bohemia," at the Shaftesbury, on or about the 19th inst; (2) Mr. F. R. Benson's revival of "The Taming of the Shrew," at the Comedy, on the same date; and (3 and 4) his subsequent presentation there of those less-played pieces, "Henry the Fourth" (Part II.) and "Coriolanus," a play which Mr. Lewis Waller also has his eye upon.

In spite of certain strange and fitful rumours which have reached me to the contrary, it would seem that Sir Henry Irving's original arrangement to return to the Lyceum in April still holds good. Anyhow, I happen to know that the scenery for Sir Henry's "Coriolanus" is being pushed on at the Lyceum. Sir Henry's next production (wherever it may take place) will, as I have already notified *Sketch* readers, be a Charles the Ninth play. I may now add that tidings have reached me to the effect that yet another play dealing to some extent with Charles the Ninth and his times may be expected even before Sir Henry's, although not perhaps at the West End. This other play was written long ago by Mr. H. A. Saintsbury. By the way, Sir Henry has engaged the well-known American actor, Mr. James Young, to play his "juvenile leads" in due course.

The other most important productions to be expected early in the New Year include Mr. Beerbohm Tree's revival of "Twelfth Night; or, What You Will" (which is to follow his magnificent production of "Herod," at Her Majesty's, about the first week in February, he tells me), and Mr. Martin Harvey's production of Mr. Charles Hannan's adaptation of Marion Crawford's story, "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance." Anon, Mr. Harvey may present a new play on the subject of "Rienzi."

And now to resolve myself (by order of my Editor) into a sort of playgoing Jack Horner, and to pick you out

THE PLUMS OF THE PANTOMIMES.

First and foremost, of course, comes Old Drury, with Mr. Arthur Collins's latest and, spectacularly speaking, greatest pantomime production, "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast." This marvellous show has already been so fully described in *The Sketch* that it need now, perhaps, only be said that the "plums" to be picked out of it are both numerous and extensive. They include, firstly—and very much firstly—



MISS MADGE LESSING, IN THE PANTOMIME
AT DRURY LANE.

Photo by Gersford, New York.

the wonderful scene called "Beauty's Awakening," with its splendid ballets concerning not only the Four Seasons, but all sorts of special functions and fêtes connected therewith. Running this very closely is the glorious Palace of Crystal in the Enchanted Gardens. Even as this appeared on Boxing Night, without the promised Illuminated Fountains, it was indeed a "set" that will be remembered long after the pantomime containing it has run its course. Miss Lessing looks very beautiful as Beauty, but one is rather surprised that the Management should have allowed her to exploit such well-worn pantomime and musical-play material as her "chansonette" and "coon" songs. One wonders still more why this usually astute Management should have gone in for such a piece of flagrant taste as the mock French Republic.

Those other capital West-End Christmas shows, "Shock-Headed Peter," at the Garrick, and "Alice in Wonderland," at the Vaudeville, have proved themselves just the things for juvenile playgoers to insist upon taking their parents to see. At the Garrick the fully deserved woes of the naughty Peter and the extremely naughty girl who will play with matches—not to mention the Giant who enacts the part of Nemesis to such incorrigibles—possess warnings as useful to grown-ups as to children. The Vaudeville's charming Alice (Miss Ellaline Terriss) and its very funny Mad Hatter (Mr. Seymour Hicks) are already strong favourites. Moreover, the capital little Punch-and-Judy play and the Animated Photographs are alike delightful.

There are some two dozen pantomimes in the suburbs this year. Among the most rollicking of these is "Robinson Crusoe," at the New Grand, Islington, which, thanks to apparent carelessness, had almost another big fire on the very day it opened. Here, Mr. Harry Randall as Mrs. Crusoe, Mr. J. M. Jones as Friday, and Miss Alexandra Dagmar as Crusoe, keep the ball of mirth merrily rolling, the first- and last-named especially delighting the house with several screamingly funny "coon" parodies. There is also a fine patriotic scene representing Pretoria. At the beautiful new Camden Theatre there is an excellent "Cinderella" pantomime, full of quaint local allusions, that tickle the good folks of Camden Town, Hampstead, &c., and a magnificent Ball scene. At that other beautiful theatre, the Kennington, there is also a "Robinson Crusoe" pantomime, wherein are to be found dresses of the loveliest and drollery of the liveliest description.

The Management controlling the Mile-End Pavilion (now called "the Drury Lane of the East") and the Crown, Peckham, has provided a couple of most comical pantomimes—"Cinderella" and "The Forty Thieves" respectively. At the Surrey, the old rollicking traditions have been happily maintained, although Mr. George Conquest senior has this year given quite a new pantomime-subject—"Little Miss Muffit; or, The Maid and the Magpie." Here there is a wonderful new development of the now-prevalent Flying Ballet. At the Terriss Theatre, Rotherhithe, Mr. Conquest's popular low-comedy son George is, with his cousin, Mr. Herbert Leonard, running a very droll and picturesque pantomime on the subject of "Sinbad the Sailor." At the pretty little Brixton Theatre, Mr. E. G. Saunders is playing a revised and much-modernised version of one of Drury Lane's most popular pantomimes, namely, "The Babes in the Wood." In this, Mr. Charles Wibrow (a fine all-round comedian) scores as the Herbert-Campbell Babe, and Mr. Frank Lilliput does ditto as the Dan-Leno Babe. At Mr. Saunders's other charming playhouse, the Coronet, Notting Hill, there is a splendid "Dick Whittington" pantomime, with one of the best Dicks in London, Miss Winifred Hare, and with Mr. Maitland Marlow and Mr. Johnny Schofield (an ex-Mohawk Minstrel), as chief comedians, arousing shouts of laughter. The Métropole has a charming "Cinderella" fairy-play, enacted chiefly by children, and now being played only at matinées, "Zaza" being (this week) given at night. Surely, the force of contrast could no further go. The Clapham Shakespeare's "Puss in Boots" pantomime is that exceedingly merry mixture which was originally seen in London, last year, at the Garrick, and is played by certain of the Garrick cast, such as the funny Mr. George Miller and the dainty Miss Addie Lennard, plus the beautiful Miss Lil Hawthorne, who, as Colin, the "principal boy," throws toys to the little playgoers present at every performance. There



MISS PHYLLIS RANKIN,
WHO IS PLAYING MISS ADA REEVE'S PART IN
"FLORODORA."

Latest American Photo by Carl Horner, Boston.

is another equally lively "Puss in Boots" pantomime at the Alexandra, Stoke Newington, with for lively exponents those charming ladies, Misses Ethel Sydney, Alice Oppitz, and Minnie Jeffs, and the droll Messrs. Fred Williams, Ben Nevis, and Wilkie Bard. The Britannia's



THE LATE M. JULES RIVIÈRE,
WELL KNOWN AS CONDUCTOR OF POPULAR PROMENADE
CONCERTS AT COVENT GARDEN AND AT LLANDUDNO.

Photo by Manders, Llandudno.

pantomime, "King Doo-Dah," the Elephant and Castle's "Cinderella," the Stratford Borough's "Aladdin," the Hammersmith Lyric's "Ali Baba," the Standard's "St. George and the Dragon," the New Ealing's "Puss in Boots," the New Cross Broadway's "Robinson Crusoe," the Richmond Opera House's "Dick Whittington," the Crouch End Opera House's "Babes in the Wood," and the Woolwich Grand's "Cinderella" are all lively and varied.

Certainly the most brilliant as well as the most blithe of the "Cinderella" or other pantomimes now being exploited in this Metropolis is that which Mr. H. E. Moss has (with the stage-managerial assistance of Mr. Frank Parker) produced at the London Hippodrome.

Here twice daily this beautiful and costly production, written by Mr. W. H. Risque and set to music by M. Georges Jacobi, is merrily played by such clever histrions as Miss Hetty Chattell, Miss Amy Farrell, Mr. Windham Guise, and Mr. Ernest Heathcote. This show, with its expensive display of be-diamonded "properties," must on no account be missed by young *Sketch* readers.

MR. BEN NATHAN.

the well-known dramatic agent as well as versatile reciter and *raconteur*, took up the part of Mr. Tweedlepunch in "Florodora" at very short notice last week, and his portrayal of the character has proved so successful that his services will be accepted till the return of Mr. Harry Monkhous. Mr. Nathan introduced a short medley of international ditties which was cordially received. Miss Phyllis Rankin presents a most captivating Lady Holyrood, while Miss Mabel Allen, temporarily playing the part of Dolores, and Miss Decima Moore, with a new song, are valuable additions of late to the cast.

MR. ROBERT GANTHONY AND "THE RING MISTRESS."

"Savage Club, Adelphi Terrace, W.C. Dec. 26, 1900.

"To the Editor of *The Sketch*. Sir,—The idea that either my brother or I would write scornful letters to the papers over a natural confusion of our names is so far from the truth that I ask to be allowed to correct it. I wrote 'The Ring Mistress' to amuse the public, and, as the farce keeps the audience laughing from start to finish, and gains curtains after each act, the purpose for which I wrote it is achieved.—Your obedient Servant, Robert Ganthony."

THE MEMORABLE HISTORY OF PAINTING IN ARTISTIC LIVING PICTURES,

at the Prince's Hall, honoured by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the then Duchess of Edinburgh, and several other members of the Royal Family, was recalled by the melancholy news of the death on Christmas Day of that admirable artist and good fellow, Mr. E. M. Wimperis, at Southborne, Hants. Vice-President of the Royal Institution of Painters in Water-Colours, and one of its most devoted supporters, Mr. Wimperis was closely associated with Sir James D. Linton in the organisation of that wonderfully complete series of *tableaux vivants*, setting forth in their habits as they lived the most illustrious of painters with beautiful effect. Ah me! I was comparatively slender, and one of the scarlet "Sword-bearers" who acted as Royal Guard of Honour on that occasion. Many another Artist besides poor Wimperis, then hale and hearty, has joined the majority. Happily, a greater number still live. I am sure one and all would unite with me in wishing that that delightful Painters' Masque and Fancy-Dress Ball of the Royal Institute could be revived in this New Year.

THE LATE M. RIVIÈRE.

"Spring, Spring, Gentle Spring!" The sweet, fresh young voices of the little choristers who sang this cheerful ditty, composed by M. Jules Rivière, in "Babil and Bijou" must have been recalled to mind by many who read of this once-popular Conductor's death at Colwyn Bay

on Boxing Day. He was eighty-two. The veteran musician, French by birth, but a naturalised Englishman by choice, was brought to London by Jullien, and was well known as an expert *Chef d'Orchestre* at Covent Garden, Cremorne Gardens, the Adelphi, and the Alhambra before he became more widely known as the Conductor of the Rivière Promenade Concerts at the Royal Opera House. M. Jules Rivière had the good-fortune to secure Madame Adelina Patti at his opening concert at the Victoria Pavilion, Colwyn Bay, last June, and his season there proved so successful that the highest hopes were entertained for the concerts he was to have conducted at Colwyn Bay next summer. It is to be regretted that the losses he incurred in certain vexatious lawsuits he was involved in rendered it necessary for M. Rivière to work to the last, even at his great age.

THE LATE MISS MARRIOTT.

Many a modern actor and actress forget that their first duty on the stage should be to make themselves heard distinctly by the audience. Mastery of the art of elocution such as the late Miss Marriott and the majority of her hard-working compeers secured, by dint of constant and judicious cultivation of the voice, would appear to be too much trouble for the drop-the-voice artists who cause us to strain our ears on first-nights. What with this general dropping of the voice and lowering of the lights, playgoing will soon become a trying ordeal instead of a pleasure unless the offenders amend their ways swiftly in the New Year. Miss Marriott (Mrs. Alice Edgar), who died at 8, Bryanston Street, on Christmas Night, at the ripe age of seventy-six, despite her years made her voice ring out with fine effect quite recently, when she performed a subordinate part in one of the revolutionary pieces brought out not so long ago at the Lyceum. I sincerely trust her brothers and sisters of the sock and buskin who mumble their words will follow her commendable example as regards clear enunciation.

Miss Marriott won an honourable reputation as leading actress and manageress of Sadler's Wells after Phelps's glorious and memorable Shaksperian reign in the old playhouse near the Goswell Road. Her Hamlet was a theme of admiration years before Sarah Bernhardt trod the boards, let alone thought of appearing as the Prince of Denmark. The versatile actress whose loss is mourned also assumed the parts of



THE LATE MISS MARRIOTT AS HAMLET.

Lady Macbeth and Juliet with characteristic ability. She extended her sphere to the United States, and added a goodly number of our American cousins to her large circle of admirers at home. Miss Marriott was subsequently a member of Sir Henry Irving's famous Lyceum Company.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Side-Slip—Sheep, Horses, and Universal Lights—Breaking the Rule of the Road—Mud-Gathering—End of a Foolish Scheme.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Jan. 2, 5.1; Thursday, 5.2; Friday, 5.2; Saturday, 5.3; Sunday, 5.5; Monday, 5.7; Tuesday, 5.8.

There has been little cycling these Christmas holidays. The other afternoon, when the clouds held up, I risked it, and, although I got a good jolting-up—which, I believe, did my liver good, after the Christmastide festivities—I would not like to be put on oath that I honestly enjoyed the ride. There was, however, the Scotch satisfaction that it was not so bad as it might have been. The roadways round London, however, were simply awful. I encountered some hardy souls like myself, and I recall how we flung glances at one another, as much as to remark, "Go on! Never say die!"; and then we each splashed mud with our tyres at the other, and went on bewareful of the evils of side-slip. If you've got anything on your mind, and you want to forget it for half-an-hour, take a bicycle-ride on a greasy road. You'll not have time to think about it then.

As most readers of this page know, I am not one of those persons, keen wheelman though I am, who think that the whole world is to be regulated for the special benefit of cyclists. Most of us are something else by profession, and we are cyclists primarily for pleasure. And though we have by no means all the advantages we ought to have, still we have many we might not have, and we look to the beautiful future to bring us those of which we are in need. Before long, the whole country will, no doubt, have what a part already possesses, a law compelling every vehicle to carry a light after dark. Cyclists are obliged to; therefore, why not carriers' carts? One or two very nasty accidents have happened due to the hasty wheelman dashing into an unrecognised cart in pitch-darkness. There is such a thing as pitch-darkness, though it is extremely rare in this country, and I cannot well conceive how anybody should run into anything like a cart on a dark night unless he be short-sighted or negligent. Those who frequently ride at night, and have good eyesight, can see most obstructions on the roadway. I'm not arguing against lights on vehicles, because what is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the other bird. Therefore, let us have universal lights.

So eager are some people for universal lights that they urge they should be carried by drovers and men in charge of led horses. Now there is nobody more nervous passing a led horse than I am, and I confess to having been provoked to unseemly wrath having to dismount and trundle my way through a flock of stupid sheep. Further, let it be admitted that to be kicked on the side of the head by a led horse, or to be thrown and break one's collar-bone by banging into a sheep, is a thing that should be prevented, if possible. But there are a thousand dangers we are all open to and would do away with if we could. If a shepherd carrying a lamp or an ostler carrying a lamp would save us from smashes, let us scream that they be obliged to carry lamps.

Yet I doubt if the remedy would be more than a superficial one. Sheep and led horses are kittle cattle, and I don't believe, if they were surrounded with ring-fences of electric-lights, the lights would do away with accidents. Further, I think it is rather a waste of time agitating to extend the lighting law to such an extent. We may as well squat on our haunches and howl to the hills as expect the local authorities to give us this. A more profitable agitation would be to get side-tracks on our main roads, so we might obtain clean exercise in the winter independent of the general condition of the roads.

A little while back, I had a furious letter from a man who wanted to prosecute an ostler in charge of led horses for riding on the wrong side of the road. I did my best to appease him. The ostler, though breaking

the general rule, was really following a general and a safe plan. If on the proper side, the left, the led horse, only partially under control, would be free to kick out at the passing cyclist. But by being on the other side of the road, the right, he and the horse he was riding, presumably well under control, were nearest the cyclist, whereas the led horse was between the ostler and the hedge.

Had the cyclist insisted on his supposed rights and tried to force a passage on the left, and then been injured, I fancy he would have got no recompense from a jury, because he would have been found guilty of "contributory negligence." It should be remembered that the rule of the road is only a rule of courtesy. It is not a legal rule, and, if a cyclist keeps to it and so courts danger, the law has no sympathy for him.

Has it never struck you how some cyclists can go out riding in muddy weather and come home fairly clean, whilst others return simply spattered with mud? I am not comparing those who have and those who do not have mud-guards. I am alluding to people who ride similar machines and similarly protected with mud-guards. A good deal of this has to do with finding the least dirty part of the road to cycle over; but speed has a great deal more to do with it.

If you ride steadily, at not more than ten miles an hour, you are in little fear of being splashed, whereas if you ride fast, at, say, fourteen miles, you will be subjected to a small and constant spray of mud. Of course, there are numerous devices on the market to decrease this trouble.

I don't know that one is wise lumbering up one's machine with them. The best plan is to have a good broad set of mud-guards, really suitable for winter wear; also take care not to ride over-fast, and then take your luck, fair or foul, like a sportsman.

Everybody will be glad to hear that failure has fallen upon the "bob a nob" scheme to secure members for the National Cyclists' Union. Men are inclined to overlook the faults of the "N.C.U.," in face of the sterling work of improving the cyclists' lot. The idea, however, of getting men to badger their friends to join the Union, and then receive a shilling for each friend successfully badgered, was certain to fail.

However ardent a cyclist might be, however desirous of benefitting the scraggy membership of the "N.C.U.," few men would run the risk of having their advocacy put down to a monetary motive.

J. F. F.



WELL KNOWN TO CYCLISTS: EAST STREET, CHICHESTER.

MEMORIES.

The scented breath of a half-blown rose,
Or the pipe of a meadow thrush;
The rippling brook where the kingcup grows
Within sight of the nodding rush;
The falling leaf with its gentle sigh,
Or the smithy's echoing ring;
The rook's loud caw and the shepherd's cry
Dead memories back to us bring.
O, memories come at a touch or a word,
Pale memories quicken and blossom again;
The sound of the wind or the song of a bird
Brings memories heavy with gladness or pain.

The tender light at fall of day,
Or the shape of a fleeting cloud;
The snowy show'r of rich bloom in May,
Or the ferryman's laughter loud;
The stately bow of the whisp'ring trees,
As they list while the wavelets sing;
The droning hum of the restless bees
Dead memories back to us bring.
O, memories come at a touch or a word
Pale memories quicken and blossom again,
The sound of the wind or the song of a bird
Brings memories heavy with gladness or pain.

ALFRED C. CALMOUR.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Spring Handicaps.

According to latest accounts, the entries for the Spring Handicaps are quite up to expectations, and, as I have said before, we are in for a busy flat-race season. The two-year-olds that have been tried have been found to be quite up to the average, and those owned by Mr. Musker are all said to be worth following early in the season. The majority of the Newmarket trainers are going to have a good try to win the Brocklesby Stakes this year, and the first big two-year-old race of the Lincoln programme should be an interesting affair; but the form in the Lincoln Handicap and the Brocklesby Stakes is very little good as a guide to future events, and how often do we find placed horses in both races fail lamentably in future efforts. Already the public have fastened on to The Raft for Lincoln, and I do not for a moment think the horse could have given his best running in the Cambridgeshire, for which race he was booked to be little short of a certainty. As a matter of fact, the form throughout the race was perplexing, probably owing to the great pace made by Berrill. It is expected by many that Hidden Mystery will win the Grand National, no matter what weight he is given. I shall expect to see Ambush close up at the finish.

The handicaps for the Great Metropolitan and City and Suburban will this year be framed by a committee of three, and we shall see how the new idea works. When Mr. H. M. Dorling made his own handicaps, the public often fastened on to one animal and argued that it could not be beaten at the ridiculous weight it had been given. But I cannot remember a case of the sort when a despised outsider did not pop up to Mr. Dorling's aid, although it should be borne in mind that Epsom is essentially the rogue's course and horses often win here that cut up badly over other tracks. The old adage says that "Too many cooks spoil the broth," to which I may add, so do too many Handicappers. Striking averages is all right when all the Handicappers possess the same information; but when, say, one man gives a horse 7 st. 8 lb., because he saw him eased to finish eleventh in a previous race, and two more men give the same animal 6 st. 13 lb., because all they know is that he did finish eleventh in the race referred to, justice is not done. I think one good Handicapper standing on his own is better than three good ones working on the average system.

Jockeys' Allowances.

A difficulty that will have to be met in the handicaps of the near future will be the question of jockeys. Indeed, I think the time will come when horses will have to be made to carry an extra if certain jockeys ride them. One thing is certain, that a horse set to carry eight stone with L. Reiff in the saddle would perform fourteen pounds better than he would if ridden by any one of twenty English jockeys that I could name. I am not quite sure that the Jockey Club would be acting unwisely if they drew up a list of, say, thirty of our ordinary jockeys and announced that in all handicaps these should be entitled to a seven-pound allowance. It would, at any rate, give many of them the chance to ride, but I do not say the majority of them would often win even under the altered conditions. We have seen many times during recent years that no weight in reason would stop a horse with Sloan on his back. Indeed, the Yankee has coaxed horses home that on paper had no chance whatever. On the other hand, we have with regret noticed certain English jockeys losing in race after race, and the Handicappers must thank their lucky stars that they have to weight horses and not jockeys. How could they bring the latter together?

Sport at Newmarket.

It is passing strange that sport should be at a standstill at the Turf headquarters. It has been customary to hold two or three steeplechase meetings on the Links Farm Course during the winter months, but, owing to the absence of Colonel McCalmont, the local "M.P.," who is away at the War, no jumping meeting has been held on his pretty course this winter. There is no racing law to compel the promoters of the meeting to run their show at a loss. At the same time, I think the fixtures should have been carried out in their entirety, and that, too, despite the absence of Mr. McCalmont. Dates are fixed by the National Hunt Committee in good faith, and it is certainly a disappointment to the public when a meeting is not held. I believe a steeplechase meeting would pay well if held at Newmarket in each month from November to March, especially if big prizes were offered for hurdle handicaps.

Mystery.

There is far too much mystery attaching to the ways of the majority of Turfites, the outcome, I take it, of their ignorance. Many of the so-called sharps could not talk above a whisper, and they always lead their listeners into dark corners before imparting to them the few words of Double Dutch they have to give away. Their horse is "very well," or "he has a chance," or "he ought to go close." They could never be made to say, "My horse cannot be beaten," or "We fear nothing." But they are seldom dangerous when on this tack. But if they tell you "Ours has no chance to-day," or "We expect So-and-So to beat us," you can always have a bit extra on "ours," and nine times out of ten you may expect to see him roll home. But, as I have before mentioned, you may honestly put it all down to the ignorance of the man who is supposed to be in the know, and who should be in the know, but he isn't.



LADY SOPHIE SCOTT.

Lady Sophie Scott, the pretty and charming daughter of Lord and Lady Cadogan, has just had an unpleasant hunting accident. Like both her parents, she is devoted to horses and to riding, and it must be a great annoyance to her to lose this winter's sport, for a broken leg is, at best, a tedious business. Lady Sophie Scott and Lady Lurgan are both very popular in Dublin, where the Viceroy's daughters proved that straight riding is not confined to Irish beauties alone. This Photograph is by Robinson and Sons, Dublin.

Of course, you know that the jockeys do not receive their riding orders until they get into the saddle, and I have often noticed that, after the horses have paraded in front of the rings, remarkable changes have taken place in the betting. You must have seen the mannerisms of the jockeys on parade. One will pat his horse on the neck, another will take a pull at the reins, another will put his head well down, another will sit back in the saddle, and so on. Now, could the riders be only taught the tick-tack business, they might easily impart the secrets of their riding orders to an accomplice in the ring, who could operate accordingly. Of course, horses always try—at least, so we are told; but let us suppose that, in a race with seven runners, it was known before the start that only two were going to try, what a find the secret would be to a smart commission agent! Fancy being able to lay against five certainties and back two, one of which was a certainty!

Exchange.

Exchange is no robbery, only sometimes. I am led to make this remark by the thought that several men who have made large fortunes in the City have scattered them on the Turf, while many men who have amassed fortunes on the Turf have soon parted with them on 'Change. The cobbler should stick to his last. No doubt, the late George Fordham, the jockey, thought so when he dropped his fortune in City speculation. But it is a funny thing that a man does not care to invest his winnings where they have come from. Thus, we find the City financiers buying horses, and the rich jockeys buying stocks and shares; and, 'pon my word, if we could carry the exchange a bit further and put the millionaires in the saddle and the jockeys on the Boards of some of the South African companies, I don't think we, the poor investing public, should be any worse off than we are at the present time.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

EMPHATICALLY this is not a stay-at-home, a domestic, or a fireside-hearth age. Very much otherwise, as anyone will more than ever realise who, like myself, has left the shelter of one's own four walls for the emancipation of a seaside hotel at Christmas. It is, rather, the age of unrest, of sprightly grandmothers, of serious granddaughters, and of an exotic topsy-turvydom altogether. Being the first Christmas in a not immoderately long life that had not been spent either with friends in town or among the time-honoured gaieties of a country house, I was rather curious for the new experience offered by a

speaking generally. The old axiom which lays down that it takes three generations to evolve a gentleman out of a tradesman has frequently occurred to me since this past week's experience amongst the British "bouncer" who frequents big hotels at holiday-time and exploits at the same time his material prosperity and unspeakable manners. His uncompromising attitude to humanity in general is no less a classic truth at home, however, than it is abroad. I have often heard this objectionable being stigmatised as "foreigners" natives of any country he happened to be travelling in at the time, with that boundless belief in himself and disdain of all things unfamiliar which distinguish your true British outsider abroad. Yet how infinitely superior to him in



PINK DOMINO FOR A NEW YEAR BAL MASQUÉ.



A TEA-GOWN IN BLUE AND SILVER.

big seaside hotel, and certainly received a set of very vivid impressions which in no way impaired my conservative fondness for the hospitable warmth of one's own or one's friends' assemblages at Noël.

The island of Britain is broadly accepted as possessing worth, pluck, good-nature, and various other excellencies, but among them personal charm or the poetry of suave manners is certainly not his inheritance, and nowhere is his disbelieving attitude to other fellow-mortals more apparent than at a holiday-hotel.

I have heard it laid down by several widely travelled authorities that of all other nations the people of Germany are the most overbearing and rude when away from home. But I think the Anglo-Saxon, with his undeniably Teutonic strain, certainly comes a good second. Here one, of course, speaks of the rich middle-class, which has extended, if not actually sprung, into such prosperous life during the past thirty years, for the upper classes of every country own the suavity of good-breeding,

natural breeding are the always amiable and obliging French, the gay, cheery, smiling Irishman, the uniformly courtly and gracious Spaniard, the well-bred Austrian, the suave Italian! One can, in fact, run the gamut of every nation, except the aforesaid, and find but a contrast. Good manners, like a Greek profile, are, no doubt, a gift of Heaven. But surely we might practise the former a little and see what can be done with the very raw material—in other respects admittedly admirable—with which this island abounds.

Turning to matters of other moment and less unsympathetic text, I find a whole list of novelties in chiffons about to be sprung on receptive femininity in the New Year by Paris mode-makers. First of all, and notwithstanding all prognostications to the contrary, gold continues to hold its omnipotent way—not alone in its permanent relation to our wants, but from the merely external point of view as well. Gold buttons fasten our tailor-made frocks, gold braid adorns their edges; cloth-of-gold,

lustrous, shimmering, is employed in panels on our evening garments. Gold lace even replaces white lace on many of the newest dinner-frocks, and a thin gold tissue covered with an over-dress of chiffon, and lace over that, produces an effect of the most modish and magnificent. The lay of Miss Kilmansegg might, in fact, have been written of this craze of the century-end which so appropriately hall-marks the finish of a gold-worshipping era. Even millinery reflects this somewhat voyant mode of the moment, inasmuch as the three-cornered hat and other shapes of lesser popularity are not alone edged with narrow gold braid or velvet ribbon bordered with the same, but gold spots appear on the panne or velvet with which they are trimmed. Abroad no less than with us this taste for glittering tissues rages fiercely, and belts, straight or folded, of the same shining material encircle the waist of almost every girl who boasts a bolero to her tailor-built gown. In Paris, it is true, the dressmakers have tried to stamp it out—that is, the elect amongst them—but it has caught the feminine fancy too entirely to be left to the middle classes just yet, and only this week Worth has built a dinner-gown, for a very notable *femme du monde* on this side of the Channel, whose component parts are champagne-coloured satin, cloth-of-gold with flowers in natural-coloured silks woven into it, sable edgings, and real lace. An ideal gown for a dark-haired woman. In great contrast and contradistinction to this voyant form of decoration is the growing taste for dull, sombre-looking leathers, in black, dark green, grey, and tan chiefly, which now claim fashionable favour as trimming. Trails of leaves in autumnal colours, berries, Virginian creeper, and bunches of grapes look extremely handsome in this newest of adornments, and are appliqué on to cloth skirts with unspeakably charming effects. White leather on white cloth or serge is a “high novelty” and will figure forth on many smart gowns for Egypt and the Riviera next month and after. But these glorified leather *motifs* are not for the many, but the well-pursed few, and we shall not see them “marked down” in the shop-fronts of Suburbia—a fate to which most mundane materials, no matter how well conceived, eventually descend. The stage in Paris reflects the form of fashion much more even than with us. The dresses, while being actually in a “later cry” than ours, are also more possible and less extravagantly accentuated. Englishwomen who go over for the New Year, as so many do now, ought, therefore, on no account to miss seeing the charming frocks at the Gymnase and theatres in the first flight.

Apropos of artists and addresses, I am reminded of a class in the profession who, far from having reached fame or fine frocks, have literally fallen by the way instead, and are assisted to the very necessities of life though the agency of that most deserving and wide-reaching charity, the Stage Needlework Guild. It is a branch of the Theatrical Ladies' Guild, and, through the agency of its President and Secretary, Miss Louise Stopford, 107, St. George's Square, S.W., does much excellent work. Clothing of all kinds may be sent to the above address, as well as donations, while cast-off clothing is received by Mrs. Carson at 18, Russell Street, Bloomsbury. Both funds and clothes are needed for the carrying-on of this organisation, and at the New Year there are not a few who will, no doubt, rejoice in the opportunity of aiding, in however small a way, a work which has for its object the clothing and sustenance of many unfortunate members of a profession to which the public owes so many pleasant hours.

There are evidently two of Nature's sweet restorers coexistent, the poet notwithstanding—sleep, as we all know, being one, and Hall's Wine, as we all ought to know, being the other. As a tonic and nerve-restorer, it cannot be too highly praised, while it, furthermore, overmasters even that too familiar enemy, sleeplessness, and in all ways has a beneficial effect on the constitution. For tired-out, brain-fagged, and be-fogged Londoners, Hall's Wine comes as a veritable boon and blessing to men and women alike.

Entertainments have been so few and far between this winter that Mr. Percy Colson's private concert at Colonel Hozier's pretty house in North Audley Street was eagerly attended by the invited elect last week, all the more that such artists as Madame Eldée, Mr. Maurice Farkoa, and Mr. Colson contributed to the evening's enjoyment. The Ladies Grosvenor arrived early, and Mrs. Panmure Gordon, Miss Helen Henniker, Miss Keyser, Mr. Reginald Ward, Lady Eleanor Harbord, and

Mr. Kenneth Howard were all amongst the audience. Mr. Colson's lovely violin solos were greatly appreciated, and the Misses Kembell-Cook, who have just gone into the profession, also made a “hit,” one singing some dainty songs in the “Ada Reeve” style, and her sister presiding at the pianoforte.

Easy boots contribute so much to our comfort that it is a source of satisfaction to recommend a good shoe-establishment. The American Shoe Company has a reputation for this desideratum, and its Regent Street branch (No. 169) bids fair to be more attractive than usual this New Year by reason of the great reduction in prices at the annual sale now going on.

SYBIL.

THE GROSVENOR HOTEL.

THE GROSVENOR, which was the first of the imposing modern hotels in the West-End of London, has now been reconstructed internally, entirely re-decorated, and thoroughly brought up to date in all modern requirements. It is now under the management of the Gordon Hotels, Limited, and, with this change, and the extensive alterations which have been carried out, the Grosvenor will be one of the most comfortable and luxurious hotels in Europe.

Its situation has always made the Grosvenor a favoured stopping-place for travellers to and from the Continent. It stands alongside Victoria Station, the terminus of the Brighton and South Coast Railway—the Newhaven and Dieppe route to the Continent—and trains also run to it over the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway from Dover and Folkestone, connecting it with other Continental routes. The Great Western, the North-Western, Midland, and Great Northern Railways likewise run to Victoria, and it is on the Metropolitan and District Lines.

Victoria, in fine, is the centre of more extensive means of communication than any other main station in London, making it at once a convenient starting-point for visits in London or journeys to and from the country and the Continent.

The Grosvenor Hotel was very substantially built, with spacious corridors, and lofty, well-lighted rooms, and a frontage of over three hundred feet to Buckingham Palace Road. The handsome portico has been reconstructed, and a beautiful glass-covered lounge fixed over the entrance, with a fine view up Buckingham Palace Road. Forming the centre of the building is the Grand Hall, the upper part of which is supported by noble columns, the lower part by carved stone pillars; this central feature and the galleries which run round the hall have been re-decorated and made more beautiful.

The hotel contains about three hundred rooms, accommodation for families in suites has been increased, and all the rooms newly and tastefully furnished by Messrs. Maple and Co. There are a number of suites of rooms and bedrooms, with bath-rooms attached. Needless to say, the hotel is well lighted by electricity, and is a model of comfort.



THE RENOVATED GROSVENOR: THE READING-ROOM.

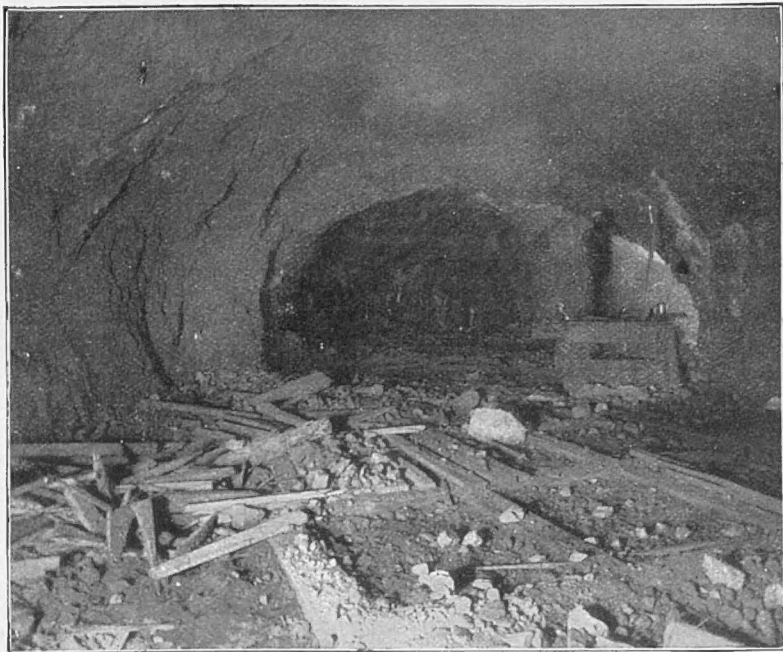
Photo by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street, W.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 14.

THE NEW CENTURY.

THERE have been many historic Stock Exchange Settlements during the nineteenth century, but certainly none more dramatic than that which was to herald the dawn of the twentieth. Money had been rather dear, but, up to four o'clock on Friday, no one would have suspected that anything was wrong. By twelve o'clock the



EXTENDING OPEN CUT AT BROKEN HILL SOUTH.

next day, thirteen firms, made up of twenty-nine members, including some of the most important in the House, had been "hammered," and, as we write, no one can say with any certainty that we have seen the end of the trouble. The smash came like "a bolt from the blue"; about five o'clock on Friday it was whispered in the street that the London and Globe cheques had been returned, and it was said that one alone represented £300,000, so that no wonder need be felt at the failure of even the largest firm of brokers under such a blow. The utter recklessness of Whitaker Wright in playing his last card—"bluffing his last bluff," as his Yankee friends would say—is simply Napoleonic.

Out of evil perhaps good will come, and the Stock Exchange, or rather, what is left of it, is looking forward with some hope (but not too great assurance) to the dawn of a new era which the twentieth century is to bring, an era of peace, cheap money, no fraudulent companies—and who knows but perhaps, before the end of it, cheap and expeditious law?—no more "bucket-shops," and all the other elementary reforms which go to make up the Millennium. Optimist though the City Editor of *The Sketch* is called by his enemies, he hardly expects that he will live to see half the good things that the Stock Exchange hopes for, but he would indeed be a churl if he did not begin the century by wishing all his readers a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

AN ILLUSTRIOUS VICTIM.

We are very sorry for those members of the Stock Exchange who, without a moment's warning, without even time to realise their securities or ask assistance from their friends, are plunged from affluence into disgrace and poverty; but we are more than sorry for poor Lord Dufferin. No one who was present at the meeting of the London and Globe, not quite a fortnight ago, will ever forget the pathetic figure of the once great Pro-Consul, as he stood, bent with age, before that huge gathering of shareholders, oblivious alike of hostile cries or kindly shouts of approval, reading as a lesson the speech which had been prepared for him. In happier days he had ruled our Western and our Eastern Empires; many a time the destinies of Britain had been in his keeping; his tact, his skill, his incorruptible honesty, had made him the greatest Viceroy and the greatest diplomat of two generations. Surely his later days should have been passed in that cultured leisure to which his great achievements entitled him, not in trying to explain the financial jugglery of a Yankee gambler like Mr. Whitaker Wright! Ah, the pity of it!

AMERICAN RAILS.

Yankees wound up the nineteenth century in brilliant style, prices being almost at the top as regards 1900 quotations. The House has now two booms running, one in Americans and the other in West Africans. There is a friendly rivalry between the markets as to which will maintain its strength for the longer period, and the Yankee optimists declare that the other boom has no "earthly" in comparison with their own. Debating about their country with various American gentlemen

now visiting the Motherland, we are emphatically told that the people on this side can form no idea of the marvellous prosperity of the States. We are assured in several different quarters that the farmers are minting dollars, and these they are putting into the shares of their own railroads.

Nevertheless, we are not firm believers in the continuance of the Yankee boom. We know many Stock Exchange firms which are quietly hinting to their clients that the time for profit-taking has fairly arrived. Giving the Bird o' Freedom due credit for his abnormal prosperity, although we somehow fail to find its unhesitating confirmation in the traffic receipts of the various lines, not even America can go on buying its own shares for ever. The day must come when Wall Street will turn round and sell. When the first evidences of that *volte-face* become apparent, what British bulls are about will rush to get out, and great will be the drop in that market! We doubt whether the reaction will be put off very much longer.

WESTRALIANS.

Confusion and terror reigned rampant for one short half-hour in Throgmorton Street on Friday night, when it became known that the cheques of several well-known Stock Exchange firms had been returned to the payees. The *débâcle* was practically confined to the West Australian Market, where Whitaker Wright shares fell by quarters at a time. Had an abyss opened its yawning gulf beneath the operators in Kangaroos, the fall in prices could hardly have been more severe. Lake Views, of course, were the principal performers, their tumbling being watched with more than painful interest by the kerbstone brigade. The uncertainty of the position accentuated the confusion, and the situation was startlingly dramatic, while the "hammering" of twenty-nine Stock Exchange members the following day, on account of the Globe crash, threw a lurid glare over the horrible business.

It is so easy to be wise after the event, but none of our readers can be astonished at the smash after our repeated warnings about the Westralian Market. The happenings of the last few days merely add the finishing touch to the picture we have so often painted. For months the market has been staggering to its fall, and, though the lesson be an exceedingly bitter one, it might teach the Stock Exchange wise things, and the public also, were it not for the fatal ease with which financial homilies are forgotten.

Turn we now to the market's prospect, since it is but idle to discourse on the lessons of the wreckage. Once let this present tyranny of disaster be overpast, and we shall see the status of the Westralian department certainly improved for the better. Again the public have ocular proof of the windy instability of clique-controlled companies whose very existence depends upon their popularity—not their intrinsic value. It may be argued in retort that all the Westralian mining enterprises are black with the tar of some particular stable. Of course! But then you know beyond this, that the Great Boulder Main Reef Company, for instance, is being worked on business-like lines, whereas Le Roi No. 2 or Kootenays or Rosslands—what possible ground was there for the ridiculous prices to which their share-riggers raised them? Pained as we are to see so many people hit over the latest Westralian scandal, the dawn of better things that it heralds for the market is a matter for profound satisfaction.

THE "JUNGLE" MARKET.

As we said before, West Africans have come to stay. The market has enlarged its borders to such an extent that there are now fully two



TIMBERING IN CENTRAL (SULPHIDE CORPORATION) MINE, BROKEN HILL.

hundred jobbers engaged in making a little money and a lot of noise therein. Several of the large South African Corporations are taking a substantial share in the dealings. We may instance the Consolidated

Goldfields of South Africa, the South African Gold Trust, and the Oceana Companies, besides other smaller concerns which have enough funds in hand to enable them to take part in the "Jungle" game. Thus there is plenty of money in the market, for not only have the South African financial companies joined in, but wealthy and influential Stock Exchange firms have taken the market under their wing, bent upon putting prices along until the public *does* come in. The want of capital that handicapped the Westralian and Rhodesian markets in their early days is not a factor in the new "Jungle" dealings, and shares are readily carried over by responsible firms.

With the market in so hyper-sensitised a state, it is, of course, impossible to mention anything as being a likely speculation, because what we advised on Saturday night might be pounds up before the following Wednesday morning. Should anyone wish to have a fling in these West Africans, let him remember first of all that he embarks in a simple gamble, and then let him pick out companies with a small capital whose shares are standing at low prices. Not that it follows that such are cheapest, or that the higher-priced are dearest, but the former have more elements of rise in them than the latter. We disclaim all idea of persuading anybody to venture upon such a risky undertaking as a "Jungle" gamble, but, if the reader must "have a dash," as the Stock Exchange puts it, let him note these two hints that we have given.

FROM BROKEN HILL.

The following letter from our Broken Hill Correspondent reached us too late for our last issue. It is interesting, as showing that his faith in the Consols Mine remains as strong as ever. The views we are able to reproduce from photographs may help to give some idea of the vastness of the ore-bodies with which the Barrier Silver Mines have to deal.

Broken Hill, Nov. 19, 1900.

Since I wrote my last letter, I am sorry to say, the Australian Metal Company's zinc-extraction works have closed down. The management declares, however, that the cessation of work is only temporary, and that it will be resumed when coal is cheaper, returning charges less, and ocean freights lower. I have written in *The Sketch* and elsewhere that the Barrier zinc problem had been solved. That opinion, in the face of what I know and what I am told, I must retain, though I must now of necessity add an explanation. While zinc was over £19 per ton—£20 and higher—and freights to the Continent nominal, the Metal Company was able to win a profitable product. But the War raised the freights, the increased price of coal extended the Continental returning charges, and the price of zinc fell. It was, the management claims, then compulsory that work should for a time cease. In a way, the closing down of the works may prove an advantage. The metallurgists of the company, with a knowledge never possessed before, now declare that the real secret of zinc extraction lies in a "wet process," and, while the works are idle, attention is to be devoted to evolving a process that will be an improvement on that recently in operation. "It will be cheaper," say the experts—the ideas have already been put to paper—"and a much lower price for zinc will still allow a profit." Those persons interested in Broken Hill will, however, please remember that the old process was not a failure; merely a combination of circumstances knocked out the margin of profit. Why, were lead, now £17 10s. per ton, to drop to, say, £12, more than one of the Broken Hill mines would be on its beam-ends. However, nothing else but such a drop is likely to exercise an evil influence on the present prosperity of the field, except a strike, which God forbid!

Shareholders will be glad to learn that in the British a new ore-body has been struck at the 200-foot level, in a winze south of Patton's shaft. The new body is east of the main body. Its extent is as yet unknown. Block 16, so long an idle portion of the company's property, is just now being watched with expectation. An east cross-cut at the 300-foot has struck free water—a sure sign of the presence of an ore-body near by. I think British shares at present prices a bargain. By the way, Australian shareholders were very disappointed with the 1s. 6d. dividend this month; they expected 2s. 6d. They, however, are looking forward to a special dividend for Christmas; the company can easily afford it. Block 14, which moves along steadily, has just declared a 1s. dividend, and the North has announced one of 9d.—the fifth.

My expectations of the North have been fully realised. It and the South are the plums of the Barrier basket, for their existence is just commencing. Mind you, I'm not belittling the Proprietary, Central (Sulphide Corporation), Block 10, or British. Not a scrap. But the North has a big future.

There is little fresh to say with regard to the Sulphide Corporation, Proprietary, South, and Block 14 mines. They are all making excellent returns, and the ore reserves are apparently as extensive as ever. The newly formed South Blocks are already breaking and hauling ore from the 100-foot, worth 30 per cent. lead and 4.5 oz. silver. Everything is being got ready for working the Victoria end on with the North. Many English speculators are interested in this property. The mine is a good one, and will well reward investors. The South Extended, at the south end of the lode, is also starting work this week. The White Leads has been re-floated and is already securing machinery for working. These mines were all worked in the carbonate days and abandoned when sulphides were encountered. Now work will be inaugurated on the once-despised ores.

I wonder, *en passant*, if Sulphide Corporation scrippers really know what a huge thing their property is. Bought by the Corporation for £125,000, the property is now worth, at market rates, over £1,000,000. At the 600-foot level in the mine the ore-body is 800 feet long, with a width of 220 feet. At the level above, which is only half stoped-out yet, the body is 950 feet long and over 230 feet in width. Portions of the 400 and 300-foot levels still remain to be worked; and at the 700-foot, where tested, the lode is as large as up above, if not larger.

In Block 10, at the 515-foot level, the ore-body (assaying over 20 per cent. lead and 12.5 oz. silver) is 280 feet wide and 575 feet in length! These are gigantic bodies to operate on. At the Moonta Mines (S. A.), a highly profitable copper property, a lode 12 feet wide is a big one, and mine officials and men from there are completely flabbergasted when they come to Broken Hill and see the immense bodies that are worked.

Much attention has been directed in Australia lately to the A.B.H. Consols, and great wonderment expressed that the recent development has not created a more active market. In 1891, when the first big development occurred, shares went to £3. This time, when the first half-ton of silver was broken the shares rose; they then, with every other blast, all of equal importance, fell practically to the old price. If London speculators could only see the mine they would go crazy over it. Experienced mining-men declare it to be one of the wonders of the world. The present development is no pocket; it is a lode which is proved for 360 feet on the underlie, from the back of No. 6 level to below No. 7 level. Slugs of native

silver have been broken ranging from a few pounds to two hundredweight in weight, and, after winning over five tons of the metal, the faces are as bright as ever. Of course, two-hundredweight slugs are not brought to the surface daily—one day a blast may knock out half-a-ton of silver, the next only one cwt. or so. The main feature, however, is that the lode, even though it is elastic as regards width, is continuous.

Ore is being won in No. 1 upraise stope at the back of No. 6 level and in No. 2 stope, 90 feet below—the same ore from the same body, and the presence of the body has been proved deeper down for 240 feet. One shipment of over two tons of silver has been made, and another of three tons is ready for despatch. Worth approximately £20,000. The main underlie shaft, now down about 1100 feet, has been resumed, and will be carried until it reaches the middle dyke of amphibolite. About 100 feet should do it. When the bottom is reached, drives will be extended east and west. The east drive will be extended until it meets the west drive from the bottom of the winze from No. 7. This is an important work, as it will open up a virgin section of the mine. The west drive from the winze (No. 7) is in 75 feet, and, though at present carrying only barren calcite and solid ironstone, indications are good for a change at any moment. No. 7 east drive is in altered rock, and the dyke cannot be far away. Up above, at No. 6, No. 2 upraise stope is being carried 12 to 14 feet long, with the silver across the forebreast (nearly all metal) in a patchy body. Silver is also in quantity on the east side, and, when connection is made with No. 1 upraise, a valuable piece of ground will be opened up. It is believed to be full of the rich argentiferous stuff. Slugs are being obtained both in No. 1 and 2 stopes. In No. 1 stope the silver body is 17 feet in length. One big patch is in particular evidence, besides which there is a good regular lode. The edges of the native silver here are tipped with magnificent arborescent silver.

Manager Sweet, who won't express his private opinions for print, contents himself with declaring "Prospects continue very encouraging, and the output of white metal is considerable." Mr. Sweet is wise to be cautious—but he could safely run in a dozen strong adjectives and still be on the safe side. My opinion of the Consols is a very high one.

ROSSLAND GREAT WESTERN AND KOOTENAY MINING.

We have before now expressed our sorrow for the evil times which have fallen upon Mr. Whitaker Wright, but we do not see why, because the London and Globe cannot meet its liabilities, there should be further delay over the special settlements in these companies. When it suited Mr. Wright to squeeze the bears with *Le Roi No. 2*, there was no difficulty about sending in the necessary papers, and the Globe people feathered their nests with the spoils of a successful campaign; but in the cases of the sister companies, because the unnatural and bankrupt parent has nothing to gain, and will have a good many shares to pay for, a most unusual delay takes place, which is causing great inconvenience to both brokers and clients.

What will happen with the bargains when the time comes is another matter, and one which we strongly urge those of our readers who are interested to look into. The shares have, in the vast majority of cases, been bought by one or other of the firms of jobbers whose failure has just been announced, and if the buyer's name is on the contract, many brokers profess that they have no further responsibility in the matter. There is pretty sure to be trouble over the bargains, and it behoves sellers to look into it forthwith. The root of the evil is the long delay.

This question of special settlements is one which the Stock Exchange Committee should take into serious consideration. It is clear that the time for which bargains may be kept open should not be left to the tender mercies of promoters, and some very drastic remedy will have to be found. If the present trouble puts the Committee in motion, poor Cock Robin will not have died in vain.

Saturday, Dec. 29, 1900.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STALKY AND Co.—Your Steel shares raise the whole question of the prospects of the industry. Undoubtedly Steel concerns have had a good year, but, unless there is a great fall in coal, the future is very doubtful. Of the concerns you mention, *a* and *b* are considered sound, subject to the general question. As to *c*, no accounts are available, and the Debentures do not appear, from the inquiries we have made, to be quoted. If the Midland Railway stock was our own, we should hold it into the spring.

M. L. C.—The shares are quite unsaleable at present. We understand that the company is doing no good, and unable to get orders for its machines. The sooner you look upon the shares as a bad debt, the better for your peace of mind.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—You must be an incorrigible gambler. If the shares were our own, we should take the profit and be thankful; but, from your point of view, the proper course would be to instruct the broker to buy some more on each one-dollar rise.

W. A.—See this week's "Notes."